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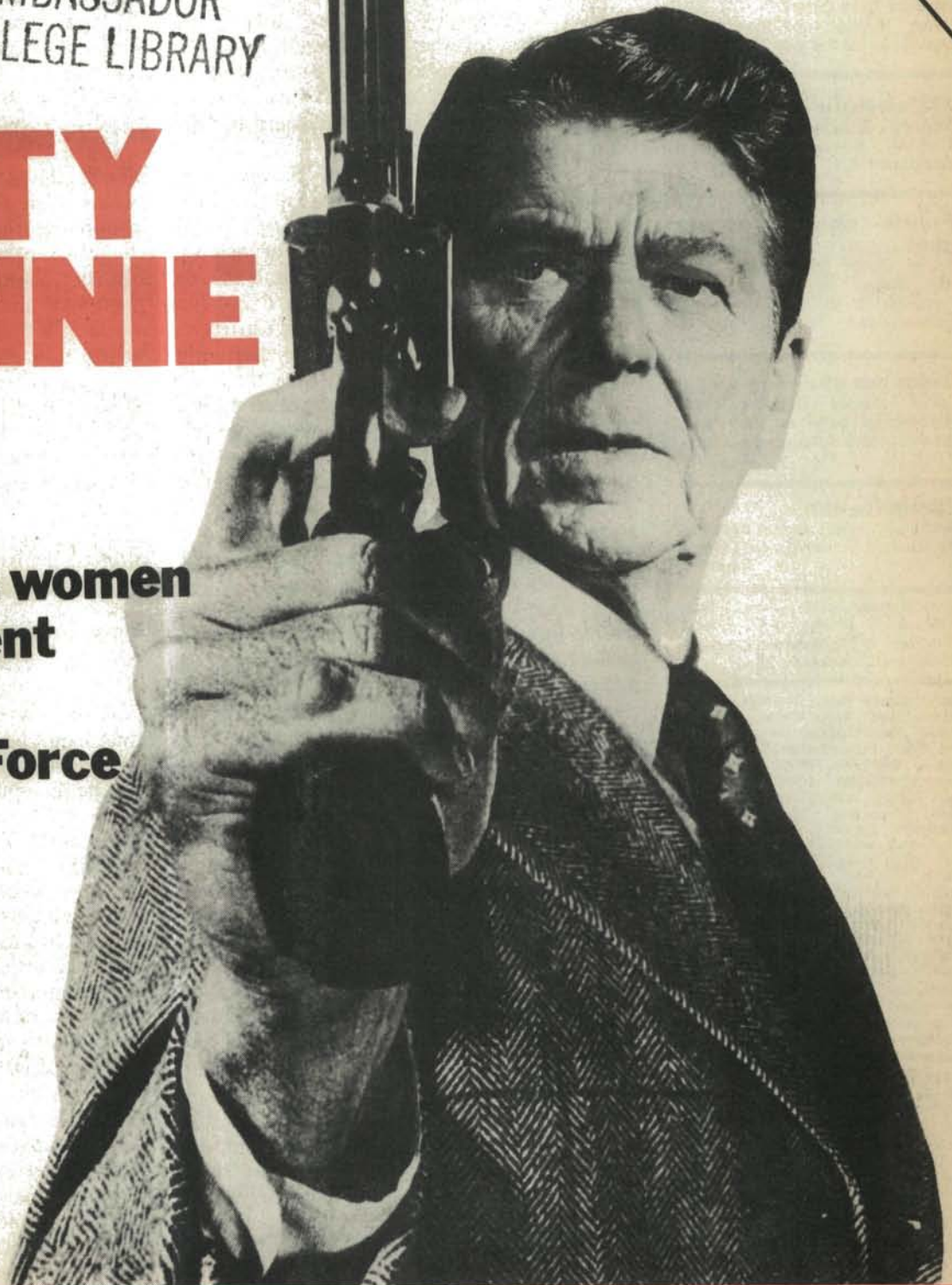
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Young Bhutto's Libyan friends

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The men & women
of President
Reagan's
Magnum Force





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Strategy for a new Ice Age

WE ARE FAR ENOUGH into the new US administration to see that its foreign adventures are likely to be thoroughly inept, as well as thoroughly dangerous. (On page 6, Claudia Wright dissects the curious bureaucracy, replete with internal tensions, which produces the scripts for Ronald Reagan's role as the rough, tough cop who imposes rough justice on the international streets.) Large sections of the American public — let alone America's allies — have been dismayed by the evidence, from El Salvador's case, that the President's foreign-policy is based upon ignorant sloganeering. Nonetheless, the White House this week will propose to Congress a \$350 million 'contingency' fund for military aid requests: this, together with other purely legislative changes, will go some fair distance towards restoring the power of secret warfare which Congress amputated in the aftermath of Vietnam.

If we are moving into another Ice Age, it may be worth saying what are, and are not, our reasons for dissenting from Reagan and Haig's Authorised Version of the world. For instance, in the El Salvador case, we don't dispute that the guerrillas have received arms from Cuba. Nor do we cherish the illusion that Fidel Castro is a democratic socialist: if Castro ever had ambitions to be independent of Moscow, they have been long abandoned. Cuba's neighbours, from Venezuela to Mexico, including the various governments — socialist or otherwise — of the island Caribbean, may have good reason to protest at Castro's capacity to meddle in their affairs. (Of course, American hegemony over the area makes it hard for democratic insurgents to get much support from anywhere else.)

But what President Reagan and General Haig seek to impose on their allies is not a policy for dealing with this complex set of problems — but rather a crass, Manichean vision which reduces them all to one problem, soluble by the application of a loyalty oath. Events everywhere are merely different manifestations of the geopolitical struggle between America, as armed Light, and the USSR as armed Darkness. The fact that the Socialist International, and therefore America's most powerful ally, West Germany, is committed to the guerrilla side in El Salvador is something that the White House cannot discuss — only anathematise.

INTENSE PRESSURE from Germany, Norway and elsewhere inside the Western alliance — even some discreet muttering from our own Lord Carrington — has persuaded Gen. Haig into the appearance, at least, of a response to Soviet overtures on limitation of nuclear-weapons growth. But there is sadly little evidence that his words mean anything. Actions so far, speak much louder. In the past two weeks, Haig and Reagan have abrogated or cancelled three major international agreements: US support will be withdrawn from Third World energy-supply loans; the draft fishery-demarkation agreement

with Canada has been scrapped; US agreement has been withdrawn from the drafted Law of the Sea treaty in order to let American mining companies take a bigger chunk of the sea-bed's resources.

Latin America is not the only part of the world where Washington's vision has regressed into Manicheism. Namibia is now treated as a proxy battleground for the clash between 'their' team (Angolans, Cubans and SWAPO) and 'our' team (UNITA and the South Africans). Already the effect of this lunatic over-simplification has neutralised years of piecemeal Namibian negotiations. Continued, Haig's attitude might even lead the South Africans to believe they could obtain US backing for a wholly unyielding hardline on internal racial policies. In that case, the last chance of averting a major war will have been destroyed.

In the Middle East, also, the Authorised Version perceives 'their team' at work in all that has occurred since the fall of the Shah. Ignoring the national character of Iran's revolution; ignoring the Iran-Iraq war, and all of the complexities of history, religion and economics, Haig sees the most vital and explosive region of the modern world as a featureless tennis-court upon which he will match himself against the USSR.

Survival depends now upon the capacity of Western societies, outside America, to evolve policies capable of resisting Washington's delusory enthusiasms. That, in Britain, is not a task which can be left to the Tory Government — at least, while Mrs Thatcher remains in charge, as the perfect exponent of the modern tradition in which British policy consists merely of discovering and endorsing the official Washington view.

But Labour, for all its anti-American rhetoric, has never faced up to the practical problems of evolving a foreign policy which could move the centre of gravity of our alliance system away from the London-Washington axis. More energy has gone into denouncing the evils of Europe than into detailed questions about what real options exist for Britain.

The Social Democrats inform us that one of their first detailed policy-statements will deal with foreign affairs: well, these are dangerous times, and new ideas will be welcome from any quarter. But most of the leading supporters of the Limehouse Declaration have also been dedicated supporters of the Washington connection, and many of them certainly remain so. Like many other people, they no doubt hope to see each irrational episode in US policy-making as an aberration from the democratic norm in which most ordinary Americans still believe. But Reagan's advent suggests that irrationality has as good a claim to be the norm — the norm, anyway, of power in Washington. And the need to respond to Reaganism will be the first test of whether the Social Democrats are in fact capable of any greater coherence than the coalition they have abandoned.

Rob Rohrer reports on new evidence and a call for action on union ballot scandal

Boilermakers ask for TUC inquiry into vote-rigging

MEMBERS of the Boilermakers' Society are to ask the TUC to hold an inquiry into their union's election for General Secretary last year. This would follow the precedent set in the Electrical Trades Union ballot-rigging case twenty years ago when the TUC vigorously challenged the ETU leadership to publicly refute charges of ballot manipulation by communists.

As the *New Statesman* revealed last week there is considerable evidence that ballot-rigging and other electoral irregularities significantly influenced the Amalgamated Society of Boilermakers' election for General Secretary last year. The winner by 128 votes, on the first count, was Jim Murray, a right wing executive member who defeated Barry Williams, a prominent communist Boilermakers official.

The *New Statesman* revelations have been described by the Society as 'highly slanted'. In a statement which says the election was 'fairly conducted' the Society asserts that all candidates and their supporters had the opportunity to object against any votes cast. Williams's protest against Belfast 1 Branch, however — where a scrutineer reported ten people present and 102 votes cast for Murray — was rejected by the union's executive after a short correspondence with the branch officials.

The first moves for a TUC inquiry are expected to come from the South-end branch. 'We are disgusted with the antics that took place in this election,' said Terry Stevens, a branch official and secretary of the Essex Association of Trade Councils.

The ASOB executive's use of the rulebook to disqualify large numbers of votes cast for Williams has prompted one branch to take legal advice. At Rochester the vote went 28-nil for the communist candidate, but was declared void because the time of the meeting had been accidentally omitted from the union calendar. Yet the votes of two branches which supported Murray (Derby and Elgin) were allowed to stand despite an identical breach of rule.

IT IS NOW clear the ASOB executive also disregarded an Appeal Court ruling over how to interpret the fine print of their rule-book. Salford's branch secretary failed to read out a list of 'out of benefit' members and the 21-3 vote in favour of Williams was quashed: despite the branch secretary's reasonable protest that all members present were in benefit.

Two years ago the Appeal Court held that if union members were in benefit then it was not necessary to read

out the list. The need for a ruling arose out of a Kent election for a full-time official where the executive unseated the successful candidate by upholding a protest over the out of benefit list.

Boilermakers' elections have a habit of landing in the courts. In ten years Barry Williams has journeyed twice to the High Court when deprived of a successful election result by the ASOB executive. In 1975 he stood for the executive council. He won, but the executive disqualified a section of his votes. The High Court ordered a new election. An earlier court case hinged on protests against Williams which the executive had upheld. A High Court

judge found in the communist's favour saying: 'I find it laughable to see how the charge (against a Liverpool branch's vote) is said to have been proven. I am satisfied beyond all belief that they have denied this man natural justice.'

A further test of the natural justice enshrined in the ASOB rulebook may be carried out shortly in the High Court if Williams, as is expected, seeks an injunction removing the present General Secretary from office pending a full court hearing of the ballot-rigging allegations. The ASOB have stated that if the case returns to the high court it will be strenuously resisted. □

Andrew Jennings & Rob Rohrer on Moss Side locker-room cache of weaponry and drugs

Police hide private arsenal

A COLLECTION of unauthorised weapons, including coshes, knives, a hatchet, and other implements, has been discovered in police lockers at an inner city Manchester police station. But inquiries into how and for what purpose the police officers obtained this weaponry may well prove difficult, according to a senior police source in Greater Manchester force.

The haul of unofficial weapons, reminiscent of those found in Special Patrol Group lockers during Scotland Yard's Blair Peach inquiry, came to light last month at Moss Side police station, in the heart of Manchester's black community. Also in the lockers, according to the senior police officer, was a quantity of cannabis.

'The word in the force is that they have been "thrown in the canal", ' the same police officer told the NS, 'which is the phrase used when something is got rid of. I don't think there is a canal near Moss Side station. Other property was found along with the weapons and that was also taken away.'

THE SAME source maintains that the

Greater Manchester force's internal inquiry squad — Y Department — was not contacted after the discovery of the Moss Side weapons.

The Moss Side lockers were searched following a vice-squad raid on a city pornography shop. Twelve items subsequently went missing and senior officers ordered the search to take place in the lockers. Several days later the missing pornography was returned anonymously.

In the Blair Peach case the SPG's unofficial collection of weapons was described by senior officers as 'mementoes' but the whole affair questioned the advisability of policemen keeping personal museums of offensive weapons in their station lockers. Peach had been killed by a single blow from a weapon which was not a standard issue police truncheon.

A Greater Manchester police spokesman told the NS: 'It was suspected that some obscene material was missing. Subsequently it would appear it was an accountancy problem. As a result of searches, the whole matter is being investigated.' □



Left: the defeated communist candidate; right: the right-wing winner



Ros Franey and Ian Sier on a council's new housing dodge

Families told: pay up or split

BASINGSTOKE COUNCIL is asking homeless families to pay for the privilege of staying together while they wait for permanent accommodation. Under the Housing (Homeless Persons) Act, such families are entitled to a place where they can be together. But homeless parents who have the misfortune to live apart from their children in Basingstoke are being told by the Council that if they insist upon being housed together they will be put in bed and breakfast accommodation — and charged in full.

One family was told that once they were permanently rehoused, which would take about a year from the date of their application, they would have to pay the Council the entire cost of keeping them in bed and breakfast — at a rate of £100 a week. The cost would be

treated not as rent arrears, but as a legally enforceable debt. Shelter, whose magazine *Roof* publishes details of the Basingstoke scandal this week, is seeking advice on the legality of the practice. The effect, whether intended or not, is to deter families who have been split up through homelessness from asserting their rights under the homelessness Act.

This is just one of a number of tactics to which local authorities are resorting in order to reduce their obligations, as housing needs increase. Maidstone, Kent, reduced its waiting list, according to Shelter's annual survey, from 2,168 in 1978 to 891 in 1979 — and this was achieved by the simple expedient of abolishing the list for applicants with future rather than immediate housing needs. In Thanet, the waiting list was pruned from 3,300 in 1979 to 1,200 in 1980 by retaining — in principle — only those applicants 'financially unable to obtain private housing'. Dover has introduced a minimum joint income limit of £5,250 and a five-year residence or employment qualification. And Crawley has increased its residential qualification from one year to five. □

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Ten billion off course

PETER KELLNER reveals the true cost of Geoffrey Howe's delusions

AMONG SOME of the wetter Tory backbenchers, wistful discussion after the third brandy is apt to turn to dreams of a palace revolution.

The scene is 10 Downing Street, the time next winter. The economy, so the story runs, is still nosediving. Two-and-a-half years of Thatcherism and three Howe budgets have manifestly failed. The next election is just two years away, and if steps aren't taken immediately to reflate the economy and cut unemployment, the Tories will be destroyed at the polling stations. But to reflate would be to jettison the keystone of the Government's financial strategy.

That is what Lord Carrington, Willie Whitelaw, Lord Thorneycroft and Edward du Cann have come to see Margaret Thatcher about. They have entered Number Ten separately, by the side entrance, through the Cabinet Office. They hope they have not been seen — by the press or, more importantly, by Sir Geoffrey Howe. The Carrington quartet have some harsh things to tell the PM. They have, to be precise, an ultimatum: change course — or we resign.

For Mrs Thatcher to have to admit she had been wrong all along — comprehensively, disastrously wrong — would be unthinkable. But to suffer the resignations of her most successful cabinet minister, her deputy leader, her Party chairman, and the chairman of the Tory backbenchers would be unthinkable too. She has no alternative. She resigns.

That dream, it must be emphasised, is seen even by its most avid exponents as more a fantasy than a prediction. But following this week's budget it has suddenly become a great deal more plausible. Sir Geoffrey Howe has given the economy a further fearful kick downhill, and the Conservative Party a boot towards electoral oblivion.

TUESDAY'S budget speech was constructed on two central deceptions. The first concerns the degree of deflation on offer; the second concerns its effect. In the first case Howe was deceiving the public; in the second he was deceiving himself.

The deceit that Howe perpetrated on his audience was that the economy is being deflated by just 3½ billion. He said:

I must tell the House that this year's Budget-making exercise has started from the basis of a forecast for the PSBR public borrowing in 1981-82 of no less than £14 billion . . . Taking everything

into account, I have concluded that it would be right to provide for a PSBR of some £10½ billion . . . That leaves a net sum of around £3½ billion to be secured in this Budget.

£14 billion is a false figure; or, rather, it has been so defined as to render it seriously misleading. Howe told the Commons that it

incorporates the spending plans for next year that have already been announced — but it is otherwise based on unchanged tax rates and unchanged allowances.

From this it can be shown that Howe's calculation is defective on two counts. First, he is excluding the spending cuts and national insurance increases announced last November. These involved £1 billion each, to take effect in the year starting next month. Taking the November package and the Budget package together, the degree of deflation about to strike the economy rises from £3½ to £5½ billion. This factor raises Howe's 'starting point' from £14 to £16 billion.

THE SECOND component of Howe's dodgy calculation takes the figure even higher than that. By speaking of 'unchanged tax rates and unchanged allowances' he is altering the rules of the game. The Medium Term Financial Strategy unveiled twelve months ago said that

Revenue is projected on the conventional assumption of constant indexed tax rates at . . . 1980-81 levels.

In other words, the strategy assumed that the Government would spend the £2½ billion it would take to increase income tax allowances next year in line with inflation. Against this, the strategy also assumed that the Government would raise the extra £1 billion needed to keep excise duties up with inflation.

The net effect of these two bits of indexation would have added £1½ billion to the government's borrowing. That is the figure Howe would have needed to add to his 'starting point' figure if he had employed the *indexing* assumption contained in last year's strategy rather than the *unchanged taxes* assumption deployed on Tuesday afternoon.

Adding £1½ billion to £16 billion brings the total to £17½ billion as the true starting point for analysing what is happening to the economy. £17½ billion is the figure the government would have to borrow in 1981-82 if it had announced no policy changes for taxes or public spending, other than those specified a year ago — no extra spending cuts, no national insurance increase, but with this week bringing in inflation-linked tax allowances and excise duties.

Bringing public borrowing down to £10½ billion, as the Government now proposes, therefore means a deflation of no less than £7 billion compared with the policies of a year ago — twice the deflation figure Sir Geoffrey trotted out on Tuesday.

WE ARE ALMOST done with the public borrowing numbers game, but not quite. We now know that a continuation of the tax and spending policies announced last year would have landed the government with £17½ billion to bor-



row in 1981-82. That is nothing like what was originally expected.

Last year's projection for the PSBR in 1981-82 was £7½ billion at today's prices. The intention of the Government's financial strategy was gradually to reduce public borrowing — but the effect of the weapons used has been to increase it. The gap between what was expected then, and what, on the Treasury's own calculations, would happen now on last year's policies shows how far the strategy has veered off course. That gap is an astonishing £10 billion — the difference between £7½ and £17½ billion.

The error-factor is now approaching five per cent of gross domestic product: mismanagement of a sort not easy to parallel even in our Treasury's chequered experience.

How could the strategy go so wrong? Almost half the £10 billion is explained by the direct effects of the recession. In a fit of manic optimism the government reckoned that unemployment in 1981-2 would average 1.8 million, a figure that has now been raised to a fresh projection of 2.5 million. The payment of unemployment benefit, added to the loss of income and indirect taxes, increases government borrowing by £6,000 very time an extra worker joined the dole queue. Altogether, get-

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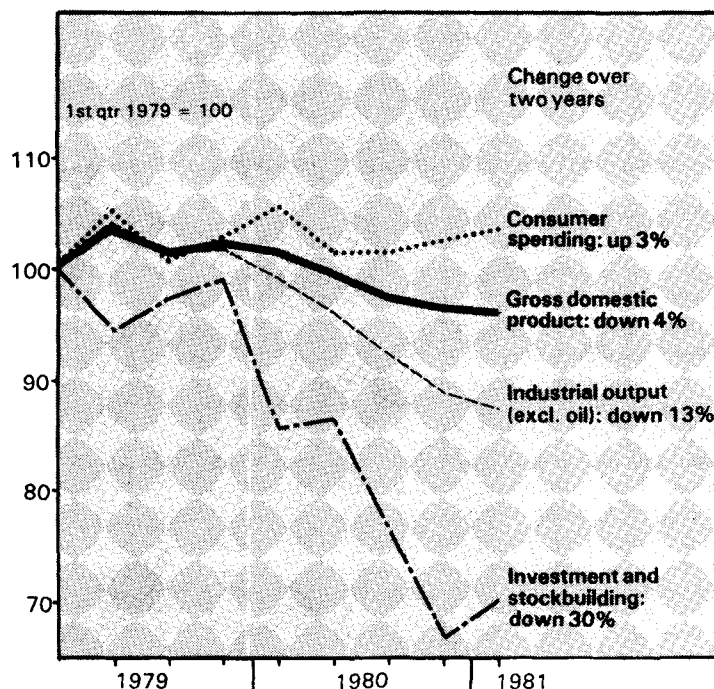
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How the Tories have failed their friends

FOR ONCE the standard left-wing complaint about Tory governments is true: this week's budget hits workers (a lot) and helps companies (a bit). As the chart shows, though, that has not been the story of the past two years. Britain's gross domestic product has fallen by four per cent; but this overall figure conceals the fact that consumer spending is actually higher than when Labour left office — while company spending on investment and

stocks is dramatically down, as a result of low profits and high interest rates.

Howe's stated intention is now to hold consumption down (hence his income tax and excise duty decisions), and to encourage investment and stockbuilding to rise. The cut in interest rates and the recent decline in the value of the pound may help — but these may be cancelled out by the remarkable dose of deflation handed out this week.



	Gross weekly pay	Income Tax	Deductions Nat Insurance	VAT	Duties (drink, tobacco, petrol)	Total deductions	Deductions as % of gross pay
Average industrial earnings							
1978/79	£ 85	£ 17.15	£ 5.52	£ 2.80	£ 6.00	£ 31.47	37.0%
1979/80	100	18.80	6.50	5.50	6.40	37.20	37.2%
1980/81	120	23.60	8.10	6.60	7.30	45.60	38.0%
1981/82	135	28.10	10.46	7.20	9.50	55.26	40.9%
4 x average earnings							
1978/79	340	134.07	7.80	10.70	20.00	172.57	50.8%
1979/80	400	136.63	8.77	22.91	20.60	188.91	47.2%
1980/81	480	169.44	11.14	26.95	23.10	230.63	48.0%
1981/82	540	202.44	15.50	29.00	30.00	276.94	51.3%

The rich get poorer

AS A RESULT of this week's budget, the Government will take a higher share of most workers' earnings in the coming year in taxes and national insurance than in any other year in recent times. The table above shows the main taxes paid by (a) a typical industrial worker; and (b) a high-paid executive receiving four times the average industrial wage. Individual circumstances will, of course, vary; but for the sake of comparison, a married man's tax allowance and typical spending patterns have been assumed.

For the industrial worker, each of Howe's three budgets has been bad — and each worse than the one before. The original switch in June 1979 from direct to indirect taxation took away slightly more than it gave away: the Government's take rose from 37.0 to 37.2 per cent. Last year's budget, which did not fully index income tax allowances, increased the take further, to 38.0 per cent. And this week, the

combined impact of leaving income tax allowances unchanged, and raising excise duties by an average of 30 per cent, raised the total take to a hefty 40.9 per cent.

As a rule of thumb, the income tax and national insurance changes alone mean that the take-home pay of most workers will rise by 3 to 3½ per cent less than their gross pay over the next twelve months. (In the example above, a 12.5 per cent rise in gross earnings generates a 9.2 rise in take-home pay.) Moreover, the take-home pay will buy less, because of the rise in excise duties. If the impact of public spending cuts on rates and council rents is then added on, the outlook for industrial workers is grim indeed.

The high-paid workers have also suffered this week. Indeed, the failure to raise income allowances hits them, relatively, even harder: take-home pay will rise by about five per cent less than gross pay in the coming year. High-paid workers were the greatest beneficiaries of Howe's first budget two years ago. But now, from our example, many of them will be no better off than they were when Labour left office.

ting the unemployment sums wrong by 700,000 will cost about £4 billion.

Indirect effects of the recession have added a further £3 billion to the Government's spending plans: in extra aid to the loss-making nationalised industries, smaller profits from the profit-earners, and a variety of industry and employment aid schemes.

Higher-than-expected interest rates, together with the borrowing cost of meeting last year's overspending, have added a further £1½ billion to the cost of servicing the government's debts. And £1 billion is explained by the ingenuity with which oil companies have found ways to avoid paying as much in North Sea oil taxes as they were originally expected.

Finally, some hundreds of millions is explained by straightforward overspending by government departments, most notably defence.

Now Sir Geoffrey has decided to claw back more than two-thirds of that £10 billion gap. If his first deception was played on his audience — by deliberately concealing the extent to which last year's strategy went awry — his second deception has been played on himself. He thinks this year's measures will revive the economy.

AS THE CHART above shows, the recession has been very uneven in its impact so far. Consumer spending has remained at, or slightly above, its yearly 1979 level, while industrial output, company profits, and investment in

new plant and stockbuilding have all declined sharply.

As I predicted four months ago (*The coming U-turn — and why it will hurt* — NS 7 November) the government has sought to switch resources from consumption to investment, by raising taxes and lowering interest rates. What is stunning about this week's measures, though, is that by clobbering consumption so viciously, any hopes for generating growth through industrial investment, stockbuilding, and extra exports are certain to be dashed.

It's the case, of course, that adequate profits, moderate interest rates and a realistic exchange rate are all prerequisites for raising output in our present economy. However, you also need a customer at the end of the line to buy what you make. After the most deflationary year of post-war economic management, how does Sir Geoffrey square that circle?

First, the Treasury's forecast is that consumer expenditure will dip only slightly later this year — bounding back up in the first half of 1982 to reach record levels. This is despite unemployment rising towards three million, and the large tax increases on those still in work. The Treasury evidently assumes that most people will cut back on their savings — despite growing evidence that the fear of unemployment is a potent factor encouraging people to save more.

Second, the Treasury expects the recent massive run down in stocks to come to a halt, and stockbuilding to resume by the end of this year.

The turn-round in stocks alone is expected to contribute four per cent to Britain's gross domestic product by the first half of next year. Without it, unemployment will be nearer four million than three million by the middle of next year. And if that sounds as if I'm just carping, remember that last spring's forecast of today's stockbuilding was over optimistic to the tune of three per cent of GDP.

But, the government will say, we are bringing interest rates down, and money supply really is under control — so business confidence should recover. They said that last year too.

And, the government will continue undaunted, public spending is now tamed and the nationalised industries are on the road to recovery. They said that last year, too. Indeed, on nationalised industries, the Treasury and Civil Service Committee of MPs said specifically that last year's expected two-year turn-round in the fortunes of the nationalised industries — worth £2 billion a year to the government after three years — was unrealistic. They were dead right. Yet the government now has the effrontery to predict an identical turn-round over the next three years.

That Sir Geoffrey's strategy will fail disastrously — even in the eccentric terms by which the government defines its own objectives — can no longer be in doubt to anyone outside the Treasury or Cabinet; or to many inside either of those battered institution. That palace revolution may not be so fanciful after all. The only thing is: next winter will be too late. □

The new White House warmongers

Ronald Reagan's foreign policy style is a long way from traditional diplomacy: the closest model seems to be Dirty Harry and the other vigilante cops dreamed up by the US media. CLAUDIA WRIGHT investigates the scriptwriters behind 'the first foreign policy adapted expressly for TV'.

HODDING CARTER, the State Department spokesman during most of the Carter administration, said not long after he left office that 'it was difficult to know from afar why and how the president placed so much value on Zbigniew Brzezinski.' Carter didn't really think much of the National Security Adviser, but the judgment was also based on a high rating for his own ability to follow maps, read diplomatic cables, listen to generals, and otherwise mull over the intricate matter out of which foreign and defence policy is usually made.

None of these conventional traits has yet appeared in President Reagan. At his first — he has had only one other since — press conference he managed to confuse the Caribbean with the Mediterranean, and out of the syntactical garble with which he has addressed himself to foreign policy issues, the only point of clarity he has conveyed is a deep-seated hatred for Iranian 'barbarians' and Soviet 'liars' and 'cheats'.

These homespun assessments aren't exactly the stuff that presidential directives are made of, though they have had a salutary effect on public opinion. Before the election the American people split down the middle — 46 per cent saying they believed Reagan understood the country's problems, and 45 per cent saying that he did not. In what the White House press office now bills as a dramatic shift in public esteem, 59 per cent of the public say they have pinpointed evidence of comprehension in the president: only a third of the electors are sticking to their earlier scepticism.

The polls show one curious and unprecedented phenomenon — more people think the president is doing a good job than believe he knows what he is doing. As many as one in four Americans actually say that, despite his personal incomprehension, Reagan is the man who 'can get things done.' Rarely in presidential history, has a man been so widely suspected of being a moron, and remained so popular.

THE KEY lies in those two-word hate phrases at which he has proved his adeptness — Reagan is probably the first president since Theodore Roosevelt to make a moral and political value out of violence for its own sake. Unlike Roosevelt, Reagan has so far preferred to play act his bloodthirsty impulses rather than make them real. But with his limited capability to follow a script, there is a danger — as his staff has begun to admit — that the president will over-act for an audience that turns abruptly fickle.

Understanding what the Reagan foreign policy is, and will be, is a matter of watching closely those on whom Reagan relies in the

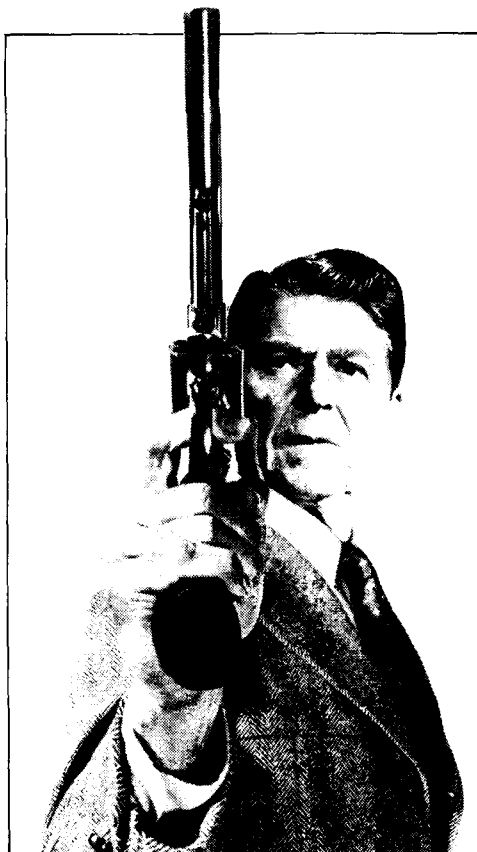
White House, for it is up to them — not the much vaunted General Haig at State, the industrious Caspar Weinberger at the Pentagon, or sly William Casey at the CIA — to make sure that the violence Reagan mimes will never spill electoral blood.

If Reagan's National Security staff can achieve that, it will be no mean feat. For collectively they are about as bloodthirsty a crew as has ever been assembled in the rococo NSC offices — which served as the Department of War during Teddy Roosevelt's invasions of Mexico and the Philippines.

Presidential foreign policy is not in principle difficult to anticipate. It is normally the result of predictable bureaucratic processes inside the White House and among the cabinet departments. The bureaucracy of the National Security Council is predictable, because it is highly tuned to public opinion. Its basic job is interpreting for the President what policy choices he has — among those recommended by the Cabinet, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and intelligence agencies — that the public will swallow.

If the National Security Adviser and his staff fail to read public opinion as fast as the synapses of an ordinary brain convert information into muscular action, then the President quickly finds himself in trouble — and he either replaces his advisers or pays an awful electoral price. Lyndon Johnson and Jimmy Carter went the latter way.

REPUBLICAN presidents have usually been smarter, but with Reagan unusual precautions have been taken. Richard Allen, the NSC Adviser, has been subordinated to Edwin Meese, the President's counsellor, whose control ensures that Allen's impulses won't run



amok with Reagan's electoral prospects.

Neither Nixon nor Ford needed that kind of supervisor, because Henry Kissinger, both as Adviser and later as Secretary of State, was more popular than the presidents he served. Carter tried — too late — to achieve the same result by installing Hamilton Jordan as White House Chief of Staff, but he failed.

Public opinion is not as mysterious, nor as fickle as newspaper columnists try to make out. Mr Reagan's popularity now is not greater than Mr Carter's at the same time — it is actually four points lower — and his 'toughness' almost exactly parallels public perception of Carter's actions after his first two months in office.

Although forgotten now, the most popular thing Carter did in his entire term was his order to seize Russian fishing trawlers found poaching off the coast of Massachusetts. That scored a 75 per cent approval rating. Reagan's decision to despatch extra military advisers to El Salvador will fall far short of that.

The analytical requirement is to distinguish between an act of clean aggression — a demonstration of muscle that is bloodless, at least on the American side — and an act of war that tends to bring on a military conflict, lasting several years, costing money, and causing American soldiers' deaths.

RECENTLY, REAGAN has tried the ploy with which Adolf Hitler achieved some success in Germany. The US army in Vietnam, Reagan told an audience at the Pentagon three weeks ago, 'came home without a victory because they were not permitted to win'. Last August he declared that Vietnam had been a 'noble cause'.

If these comments were intended to appeal to a deep American conviction in the righteousness of past wars, then Reagan is shooting in the wrong direction. Polls for more than fifty years have demonstrated that Americans do not want to engage in wars. A political scientist expressed their attitudes in this simple formula: for every increase in casualties by a factor of 10, public support for the Vietnam war declined by 15 points.

So, the essence of the White House advisers' task is to keep a simpleton supplied with carefully sweetened options that minimise the risk of American casualties and maximise the chances of sanitary aggression. In this, they must weed out the schemes which come from service officers used to expending soldiers' lives. They must also invigorate the lacklustre proposals for diplomacy, economic assistance, and — contradiction in terms! — arms control, that come from the anaemic State Department, Agency for International Development, and Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. (American rightwingers have regularly blamed them for losing presidential elections.)

It is clear to the gents in the White House that they cannot afford to lose control of the foreign policy bureaucracy — not even to General Haig who, within hours of the inauguration, presented the president with a blueprint for his own bureaucratic supremacy.

After weeks of negotiations and a meeting chaired by Edwin Meese on 25 February, Haig was forced to retreat, and a bureaucratic hierar-

EDWIN MEESE, Counselor to the President.

RICHARD ALLEN, Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs.

JAMES NANCE, Deputy Assistant for National Security Affairs. Formerly a naval rear-admiral, who retired in 1979 from the Office of the Vice-Chief of Naval Operations. He was Senior Naval Officer on General Haig's staff at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE).

ROBERT SCHWEITZER, Coordinator of the NSC Defense Policy Group. Major-General, US Army, and most recently Director of Strategy Plans and Policy in the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations and Plans. Director of Insurgency Studies at the National War College 1971-72, 11th Armoured Cavalry Regiment in Vietnam and Germany. Chief of the Policy Branch on Haig's staff at SHAPE.

DONALD JOHNSON, Defense policy. Lieutenant-Colonel, US Army.

SVEN KRAEMER, Defense policy. Staff member of the Senate Republican Policy Committee. One of the principal drafters of the defense policy sections of the Republican Party election platform. Author of the Defense Department review in the rightwing Heritage Foundation's *'Mandate for Leadership, Policy Management in a Conservative Administration'*; *'An Overseas Base Structure is Needed in Order to Effectively Project Force.'*

RICHARD LEVINE, Defense policy. In his 20s, he was on Richard Allen's staff during the campaign. No specializations or publications.

JOHN TREAT, International Energy policy. Formerly Deputy Assistant Secretary for International Resources, Department of Energy.

GEOFFREY KEMP, The Middle East and South Asia (including India, Pakistan and Afghanistan). Professor of International Politics at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University (Massachusetts), consultant to the Defense Department and specialist on US arms sales. In a 1976 Congressional staff report he strongly favoured US arms sales to Iran. In

'NATO-The Next Thirty years' (ed. K. A. Myers, Croom Helm, 1980) he writes: 'The (Mideast) region is a vacuum, and the military force that gets in place first will have great tactical advantages.'

RICHARD PIPES, The Soviet Union. Professor of History at Harvard. Author of books on the Narodniki, he has been a consultant to the Defense Department and CIA for assessment of Soviet military capabilities. Opposed ratification of SALT II. He writes in *Commentary* (April 1980): 'Nuclear missiles... have not only a military utility: they are equally and perhaps even more useful as a means of political and psychological suasion.'

ROGER FONTAINE, Latin America and the Caribbean. Staff of the Georgetown University Centre for Strategic and International Studies. Author of books on Brazil, the Andean Pact, and Latin America. He writes in a recent report for the Council for Inter-American Security: 'Latin America, the traditional alliance partner of the United States, is being penetrated by Soviet power. The Caribbean rim and basin are spotted with Soviet surrogates and ringed with socialist states.' From *'On Negotiating with Cuba'*, a 1975 study for the American Enterprise Institute: hostility between Cuba and the US can be 'understood in terms of the difficulty small nations have

always had in getting along with large powers.'

DON GREGG, Indonesia, Malaysia, Australia. A CIA agent in South Vietnam in 1970-72, he was involved at that time in prisoner interrogations and operated networks of Vietnamese informants. CIA Station Chief in Seoul, Korea, in 1973. According to Australian diplomats, he 'favours the Liberal-Country Party in government in Australia'. CIA sources say he has 'great integrity' and a 'high reputation' in the Agency. He was on Brzezinski's NSC staff for the past 18 months.

JAMES LILLEY, China. A National Intelligence Officer for China at the CIA, he is listed as a State Department Foreign Service Officer who has had tours at the US Consulate in Hong Kong, and the US Foreign Liaison Office in Peking.

FRED WETTERING, Africa. A CIA agent described by sources as an analyst.

SEAN RANDOLPH, Southeast Asia. A 28-year old graduate of the Fletcher School (see Kemp above), where his PhD thesis was written: *'Diplomacy and national interest: Thai-American security cooperation in the Vietnam era.'* Previously Senior Research Associate, House Republican Study Committee.

JAMES RENTSCHLER, Western Europe (including Turkey). Educated in the US and Sor-

bonne, Army Security Agency for two years (1956-58), then with the US Information Agency in posts in Brazil, Morocco, NATO headquarters, Paris, Bucharest and Rabat (where he was Press Counselor in 1977). A member of the NSC staff since October 1978 and kept on. Lists himself in *Who's Who* as a member of the Société des Amis de Proust et de Combray.

DENNIS BLAIR, Western Europe. Commander, US Navy. Previously served with the Defense Department's Office of International Security Affairs.

JANET COLSON, Special Assistant to Richard Allen. Formerly a White House Fellow during the Ford Administration and then on the staff of the Hoover Institution in California.

CHARLES TYSON, Coordinator of Administration, foreign visitors to the White House and presidential visits overseas. Director of Scheduling and Advance for the Reagan campaign. Career in real estate investment in California.

HENRY NAU, Nuclear policy. Professor of political science at George Washington University and author of two books on technology transfer and European nuclear reactor development.

PHYLLIS KAMINSKI, Press relations.

CARNES LORD, International Security Policy and Arms Control. An official of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency between 1975 and 1977, Lord produced a classified study of the International Atomic Energy Agency's supervision of nuclear security agreements. Out of government, he was a lecturer at the University of Virginia. Opposed to the anti-ballistic missile treaty and to SALT II, Lord writes in a 1980 issue of the rightwing *Commentary* magazine, that these pacts provide for 'the utter vulnerability of the North American continent to Soviet attack.' He advocates American abrogation of the ABM treaty, and has publicly called 'the hope of ending the arms race by mutual arms limitations... essentially chimerical.' Instead, Lord advocates 'an arms race in strategic defense... in some ways more desirable than the available alternatives.'

chy for foreign and defence policy was adopted instead — not very different from the Brzezinski period, except that Richard Allen fills only one of the Polish doctor's shoes. Mr Meese fills the other, and it is he who will tie all the laces.

THE NATIONAL Security Council offices are now almost filled with their appointees, but in keeping with the public impression Meese and Allen wish to convey — that they are anonymous managers of paperwork who will leave to the Secretary of State the task of naming and representing US policy — there are no name plates by the doors. The staff inside are under strict orders not to talk with the press, and no public announcement has been made of their identities or areas of responsibility.

We have filled this gap in knowledge with our own research (see box), and compared to national security staffs of the past, this group is much more dominated by military officers and CIA men. Their ties reflect an intimacy with

military and intelligence operations which is bound to endear them to the Joint Chiefs, to William Casey's intelligence agents, and to General Haig.

A squad of grenadiers at the Changing of the Guard would hardly be expected to show quite the conformity and mental fixity this group exhibits — characteristics that may prove troublesome for Mr Meese as the next presidential campaign draws closer.

According to the plan which Meese, Allen, Haig, Weinberger and Casey have drawn up, three loose committees, to be called Senior Interdepartmental Groups (SIGS), will be set up for foreign, defence and intelligence policy. With Haig, Weinberger and Casey chairing each respectively, this triangular compromise advances the cabinet secretaries and the intelligence chief a notch above their Carter places, but conceals the key power to assign which committees will get which issues for review.

That power will be exercised by Allen, and if he fancies, he can play one committee off

against another.

This is likely because Allen's men have views that put themselves at a considerable distance from many elements of the CIA and State Department. In their world picture, like their president's, a few deft phrases sum up the whole — 'parity', 'surrogates', 'chokepoints', 'terrorism', and The White Flag of Surrender.

'Parity' is a very grim state of global affairs when American military might — no matter at what pace or price it is growing — can no longer score a one-time knockout blow against the enemy, nor even be sure of scoring a knockout after the enemy has landed an early punch or two of his own.

The enemy in all cases and all places is the Soviet Union which, if it is not threatening the US directly, is doing so through 'surrogates'. There are no other contests. On the continent of Africa, for instance, Richard Pipes believes, there is only the Soviet drive for South Africa's minerals — they are the real objective of the Soviets' 'intense involvement in the so-called



Edwin Meese



Richard Allen

A Who's Who of Reagan's heavy mob

“national-liberation” movements.’

In these American-Soviet battles, parity is equivalent, according to Sven Kraemer, to ‘US inferiority (which) increases international instability and raises the danger of war.’ The NSC staff uniformly believe that this equivalence must be avoided at all levels of potential conflict.

At the strategic nuclear level, and the level of conventional arms, the United States must buy every conceivable new weapon system that could put the American soldier’s nose clearly ahead of the Soviet’s. Once that is done, he and his weapons must be prepared for rapid deployment to the ‘chokepoints’ — three spots on the globe where, if the Americans don’t arrive first, the Soviets or their surrogates will be able to garrote the entire Western World by cutting off its oil, coal and mineral supplies.

THE ‘CHOKEPOINTS’ on the NSC map are: the Strait of Hormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, the Strait of Bab al Mandab, at the opening of the Red Sea, and the Strait of Malacca, gateway between the Indian Ocean and the South China Sea. By some lapse of memory, the NSC staff have not yet identified the Strait of Gibraltar as a chokepoint of equivalent significance, though they are impressed with the strategic stakes at issue in Spain, Portugal and Morocco.

Military action committed by an inferior surrogate, with the aim of disturbing an American or allied grip on a chokepoint (in Oman, Djibouti, Somalia, Indonesia or Malaysia) is by definition ‘terrorism.’ Terrorism in or around a chokepoint has an inevitable tendency to spread to neighbouring countries, or come from them, in the familiar domino pattern.

‘Sophistication’ in the language of Mr Allen’s men is that state of mind in which all of this is self-evident. There is no reference in such a world view to detente, arms control, human rights, national liberation or non-alignment. People unsophisticated enough to utter these terms, let alone pursue them as goals, are at the point where, to quote Professor Pipes, ‘the white flag of surrender is up’.

This week, for the first time ever, the White House has proposed to postpone a meeting of the US-Soviet Standing Consultative Commission on Arms Control, a relatively minor, technical forum for the two sides to discuss arms control issues.

Lest it be thought that his strategic doctrine is morally insensitive towards the inhabitants of the Soviet Union, Pipes offers this moral encomium: ‘It is a well-known fact of modern Russian history that whenever Russian governments suffered serious setbacks abroad — in the Crimean war, the 1904-5 war with Japan, and in World War I — they were compelled by internal pressure to grant the citizenry political rights.’

This strategic thinking has the elegant simplicity of a western movie and is consequently readily intelligible to the president and his audience. It might be said to be the first foreign and defence policy adapted expressly for the two-dimensional television screen.

GEOFFREY KEMP, the new administration’s ‘expert’ on the Middle East, can speak no Arabic, Farsi or Hebrew. But then in his picture of the region, linguistic, ethnic or political differences among the people dotting the earth’s crust are of no significance beside the central strategical fact — the presence beneath the surface of a vast vault where the United States and the West have stored their certificates of deposit in a liquid form.

What troubles the Reagan aides is that the Europeans do not see eye to eye with them on their rights to withdrawal of this treasure on demand. ‘The most important issue’, Kemp has written, ‘on which the West is divided is a Middle East energy policy.’ This division is just another sign, in Pipes’ dreams, of the White Flag, of the allied failure to appreciate that the Soviet Union is ‘laying siege to Western Europe and Japan in the same manner in which Medieval castles were blockaded prior to the introduction of gunpowder — that is, by a systematic effort to cut off the flow of reinforcements and supplies.’

The allied task, and notably Mrs. Thatcher’s, is to ‘redraw the NATO boundaries’ — and either reinforce the Northern Atlantic sector to free American ships, planes and manpower for work elsewhere, or send detachments of their own to the chokepoints. As conventional armament of the very latest type is moved southeast, the NSC plans to leave gleaming new nuclear hardware to preserve parity or acquire superiority against the Soviets and the Warsaw Pact.

This will require some large pressures to be exerted upon the variously dissident democracies of Norway, Denmark, Greece, Spain and Germany. (Turkey, Korea and Britain can be counted upon to accept whatever Pershing mis-

siles or neutron warheads that are required.)

The risks of this foreign policy are so considerable that the White House is already madened by the potential disloyalty they spy throughout the State Department. Reagan himself is said to have exploded when State Department officials sent off cables announcing the proposed budget cuts in foreign aid next year, before these had even been discussed between Haig and the budget director.

The result of embassy lobbying abroad was an avalanche of Foreign complaints which pushed the White House sharply back on to the defensive.

Other leaks have come from arms control officials angered by White House plans to stop all arms talks with the Russians for the time being. Reagan aides were also publicly venomous in criticising former US ambassador in El Salvador, Robert White — hardly a liberal angel, he played wetnurse to the junta, led by Napoleon Durarte, which replaced Carlos Romero with Napoleon Durarte — who has criticised the administration’s aid for the Salvadoran Junta.

Describing the qualities he admires in a prospective appointee, the White House press secretary, Mr James Brady, spoke a few days ago of a ‘straight, tough no-nonsense guy — someone who will kick tail and take names’.

This pretty much characterises how the NSC expects to run the world for the foreseeable future, and the only question that is in doubt is whether their fanaticism will get the better of their electoral insecurity. Much therefore hinges on how effectively Europe can mobilise publicly against Reagan to strengthen opposition to the NSC line among the American public and the American press. □

FAR EAST

A make-believe democracy

DONALD KIRK reports on South Korea’s ‘elections’

IT SOUNDED LIKE a satire on Western-style democracy. First there would be ‘elections’ for members of an ‘electoral college’, just like the American one. Then there would be the actual election for President and the ‘inauguration’. Finally, rounding off the whole process of ‘democratisation’ under the new ‘constitution’, there would be the ‘national assembly elections’. Naturally there would be ‘political parties’ and ‘nationwide television appearances’ and ‘campaigns’. There would even be ‘equal time’ provisions. Profiles of the leading contenders and photographs of party leaders would appear on all the front pages, and there would be much talk about ‘free speech’ and the other perquisites of ‘free society’.

In fact, it was political theatre of the absurd, and the proof lay in the first headlines that proclaimed a ‘sweep’ for South Korea’s military strongman, President Chun Doo Hwan, in last month’s voting for members of the electoral college.

Chun’s rise to power has been swift. When his mentor, President Park Chung Hee, was assassinated in October 1979, Chun was a major-general in charge of the Army Security Command. Chun promptly rounded up all possible enemies, ranging from Park’s closest cronies (such as former Prime Minister Kim Jong Pil) to his worst foe, Kim Dae Jung. Kim Jong Pil duly signed a pledge not to participate in politics, and now lives in relative luxury at home.

Kim Dae Jung, on the other hand, is lucky still to be alive. He has been confined to a prison 75 miles south

of Seoul ever since Chun demonstrated the quality of mercy by commuting his death sentence to life imprisonment. That was the price Chun had to pay for his invitation to the White House at the beginning of last month, and for Reagan’s promise of non-stop US military support. It was only while Chun and his entourage were flying back to Korea that American officials released a report on ‘human rights’ which had been drawn up in the last days of the Carter administration. The report excoriated Korea for jailing and otherwise mistreating political opponents, but its release after the Reagan-Chun summit served only to show that the US was no longer interested in the fate of Korea’s dissidents.

THE PENULTIMATE phase in Chun’s creation of a ‘viable democracy’ (his words) comes later this month, with elections for a new national assembly. The worst fear of Chun’s backers is that the feeble opposition groupings will withdraw altogether, thus removing from the elections any semblance of openness. It was all Chun’s aides could do to induce the leaders of the three newly-formed ‘opposition’ parties to ‘run’ for President when the electoral college met to cast its ballots for Chun shortly before his inauguration. Now some of the opposition leaders are demanding that Chun let his real opponents stand for the assembly on 25 March.

Chun is unlikely to listen to such pleas. His own grouping, the amusingly-named Democratic Justice Party, will seize a large majority in the assembly as surely as it did in the electoral college. For Chun the real question will be how long he can suppress serious rivals and labour leaders amid 40 per cent inflation and rising unemployment, and with the country’s economy going into decline for the first time in over 20 years. Opponents believe that Chun’s police and security forces may be able to hold out for about two years of his first seven-year term as President. ‘Then the workers will revolt as they did before Park’s death,’ said a dissident source. ‘And the people will rise up again.’ □

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The junta confronter

Last month's attempted coup in Spain was not a total failure, Julie Flint reports. A law to reinstate army officers expelled for demanding democracy has been withdrawn as 'inopportune', and plans for a Basque police-force shelved. Though Gen. Milans del Bosch has been charged with rebellion, and four other indictments are predicted, neither government nor army is ready to probe deeper. Most of the guardsmen who seized Parliament have been freed because they merely 'obeyed orders', and the officer who seized the Madrid TV station remains at liberty. No action has been taken against prominent civilians known to have been involved — including a Francoist banker. The right have concluded only that they failed because the King would not support them, and that 'next time' he must be neutralised. JEREMY BENNETT analyses the character of Juan Carlos, and his commitment to democracy.

THE COMPLEX RELATIONSHIP between Spain's king and Spain's army traces back to a day in September 1948 when a shy, 10-year-old boy stepped off the train which had brought him to his home country for the first time, from exile in Portugal.

Juan Carlos of Bourbon was the grandson of Alfonso XIII, the last king to sit on the Spanish throne. Alfonso had made the mistake of aligning himself with the forces of the right when the left was gaining ground. He was forced to abdicate in 1931 and Spain became a republic. Alfonso departed with his family for permanent exile in Italy with the remark that 'kings are out of fashion now'.

During those lonely years of exile Alfonso could never have conceived of the scenes in Madrid this month, in support of a monarch — when giant demonstrations filled the streets for his grandson. Civil war followed Republic in Spain. Alfonso died and Franco reigned in place of a king, although Spain technically remained a monarchy. Alfonso's son, Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, became pretender to the Spanish throne. But Franco would have none of him because on more than one occasion, from his exile outside the borders of Spain, he voiced a belief in democracy.

Don Juan's son was a different matter. He was young enough to be moulded to the Dictator's ways. So by a private arrangement between his father and Franco, Juan Carlos returned to Spain, aged 10, for his education. Franco made no promises, but probably had it in mind eventually to restore the Spanish monarchy in the shape of Juan Carlos. The education he received looked like grooming for higher things, but with a strong military influence. Juan Carlos trained and was commissioned in all three armed services, being remembered as a shy, conscientious but not particularly talented officer-cadet.

THE ARMED FORCES embraced him and thought of him as one of their own. He seemed to enjoy military life, and a certain Major Alfonso Armada became his mentor in 1954. In 1969 Franco made up his mind on the succession, and declared Juan Carlos his heir. Before the Parliament, with the ageing Franco by his side, Juan Carlos promised faithfully to uphold the principles and practices of Franco's Spain. At the time he looked every inch Franco's disciple.

'Continuismo' was assured, the military heaved a sigh of relief. Juan Carlos was a brother officer. He would take over and things

would continue as they always had done.

When he became king in 1975, Juan Carlos encouraged this feeling. Although few thought he would last long — Juan Carlos El Breve (the Brief) was a common nickname — he cultivated friends in the only power base he knew, the armed forces. He was, after all, Franco's choice.

He dined regularly with his officers, roughed it on manoeuvres with them, was on Christian name terms with many of them. At the same time he tried to teach them a new perspective on Spanish life.

Whereas to Franco the Civil War was 'our glorious crusade', to him it was 'our family tragedy'. He had to reassure the army when, gaining confidence, he sacked his first prime minister, Carlos Arias, whom he had inherited from Franco, and replaced him with his own choice, the relatively unknown Adolfo Suarez.

He reassured the army again, when trades unions and then the Communists — the old enemy of the army in the Civil War — were legalized, and again when there were elections which brought Communists and a large number of Socialists into Parliament.

He reassured them too when finally, under the new Constitution, he formally surrendered

the powers of the dictator he had inherited from Franco and chose instead to become constitutional monarch. In short he reassured them all the time he and Suarez were together quietly but legally dismantling Franco's state.

BUT HE RETAINED the positions of the only four-star general in the Spanish Army, and of Commander-in-Chief. When there have been rumblings, he has been tough with them too. On one occasion when officers of a regiment gave Fascist salutes in public he kept them at attention and gave them a public dressing down. After the abortive 'Galaxy Plot', of 1978 (named after the Madrid cafe in which the plotters met) which had planned to take the whole Government prisoner, he cautioned politicians against a punitive purge of the army — but privately left his officers in no doubt about his displeasure at this first amateur attempt to topple democracy.

The Tejero coup attempt showed that the reforms of Juan Carlos's first five years have not gone far enough. The Left argue that Francoists have not been effectively purged from senior positions in the armed forces and administration. They say that until the law which makes it an offence to 'insult' the armed forces — which means in effect to criticize them, and so muzzles most press comment — is repealed, the army will never understand that it is now answerable to the people, not just to itself and its own interpretation of the national interest.

When Gen. Alfonso Armada, the king's old teacher, tried to persuade Juan Carlos to join the plot, he clearly had little understanding, despite twenty-five years, of the king's *personal* commitment to democracy. It speaks volumes for the general's ignorance, for there were plenty of signs.

FIRST there were Juan Carlos' public statements. Most recently, in the BBC film which was shown on Spanish television in the middle of February, just two weeks before the attempted coup, Juan Carlos reaffirmed his personal attitude.

When I became king I saw the Spanish people wanted democracy and when their point of view coincided with mine, I started to move ahead . . . I had the power at that time and I had to do it.

In another part of the interview there was a strong hint (perhaps to placate any military viewers in the audience) that Franco had guessed there would be changes in Spain.

When BBC reporter Jack Pizzezy pressed him on the possibility of mutiny in the army, Juan Carlos dismissed it and said that the role of the army under the new constitution had to be 'to guarantee the independence and sovereignty of the country.' His own position as Commander-in-Chief meant that it was a guarantee to the Army that he would 'never depart from what is legality nor act unconstitutionally.' He was wrong about the mutiny, but Armada should have listened more carefully.

There were other, more personal, indications — his use of uniform for example. When he went on a visit to General Videla of the Argentine, he pointedly wore only a suit: this was generally taken as a snub to the military junta, lined up to greet him in a glittering array of medals. There was also a point to his middle-of-the-night appearance in Captain-General's uniform on television when repulsing Tejero's coup. The king and Commander-in-Chief was demanding calm from all his subjects and loyalty to the constitution. There are few generals who specially put on full uniform in the middle



of the night for a television appearance to demand loyalty to democracy. The point could not have been lost on the army.

There are also reasons of family history. The Queen, formerly Princess Sophia of Greece, and sister of ex-King Constantine, knows that kings who become involved with Colonels and Generals do not often last long, and she is a strong and sophisticated influence on him. Both he and the queen want their five year old monarchy to survive, and their thirteen year old son Prince Felipe to be king in his turn.

JUAN CARLOS would also consider his father, who in a sense he displaced on the Spanish throne. As a man of his word (Juan Carlos uses the words 'frank and open') how could he have faced his father, with whom he is now very close, if he had succumbed to a replacement Franco? Then again he knows well why his grandfather Alfonso XIII was forced to abdicate. He was unlikely to let history repeat itself.

In those lonely night hours he would have known there was no future for him personally in being a failed-constitutional monarch, willing to accept the position of king over a junta. Because his monarchy is a restored monarchy, because his father, not he, is the natural heir, he must create his own dynasty and legitimize his monarchy. The only possible way is through a constitutional monarchy voted by the Spanish people.

That is what he has, and it confers international acceptance. It brings the likelihood of Spanish entry into the EEC and even of the integration of the Spanish armed forces into NATO. (One university professor says: 'That would actually give the army something to do other than recall the glories of Franco and dream about a military coup'.)

WHERE DOES the aftermath of the coup leave the king? The hero of the hour, understandably so, but dangerously exposed. It will take weeks if not months to find out who and how many officers were involved. What will be their punishment? Will the officers now under arrest be tried publicly and sentenced severely for the crimes against the state they have committed or will they, because of fear of further army unrest, receive token punishment (as they did after the Galaxy plot) and be allowed to have a second or in some cases perhaps even a third try at a coup?

Will the politicians, particularly the new Prime Minister and his government, succeed in isolating the disloyal officers without provoking the more moderate? Can the king cultivate the loyal members of the armed forces and teach them that the role of an army in a democracy is to serve the will of the people as expressed through their elected representatives, not to try to impose *their* will on the people? In the last resort he has to explain that, even if you are a Spanish army officer, however honoured and respected you may feel you should be, you are a servant of society — not master of its destiny because you happen to carry a gun.

These last three weeks have forced Juan Carlos to show his hand. The next coup, if and when there is one, will not treat with the king — there can now be no doubt where he stands — it will try to remove him. Today he is more than ever the guarantor of democracy, the one major obstacle to military dictatorship. □

Jeremy Bennett is the producer of *Juan Carlos — King of Spain*, a film portrait including exclusive interviews with the king, first shown on BBC-2 on 23 January 1981.

New Statesman 13 March 1981

PAKISTAN

Baby Bhutto's in-flight folly

TARIQ ALI on the effects of last week's hijacking

ON 27 SEPTEMBER 1980, an obscure bilingual publication called *Inqilab (Revolution)* published a lead story headlined 'Bhutto's Son Forms a Guerrilla Army'. The following page carried an exclusive interview with Mir Murtaza Bhutto, who introduced himself as 'Secretary-General and head of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the People's Liberation Army'. Page three of the journal explained its political orientation: it carried a quarter-page advertisement for 'The Green Book' by Muammer Qadhafi, informing readers that the book could be obtained free of charge from the Libyan Embassy in London.

Murtaza Bhutto announced that the PLA were beginning the armed struggle and that 'even today our organisation is capable of eliminating the most senior military officers, bureaucrats, corrupt judges and other exploiters at a few hours' notice'. He stated that the PLA possessed advanced weapons, such as anti-aircraft missiles, and he threatened to use them. This was followed by a sombre warning: 'It is for this reason that we have repeatedly warned our fellow-countrymen not to travel by Pakistan International Airlines.'

At the time, the statement was dismissed by most of the Pakistani exile community as an emotional outburst. However, it then became known that two former military officers in young Bhutto's entourage were approaching a number of Pakistanis and offering them military training in Libya. The next piece of

news came from Kabul: Murtaza Bhutto had arrived in the Afghan capital, and close friends in Pakistan were soon being shown photographs of him surrounded by a group of armed guerrillas.

The PLA had no political programme worth the name. One of Murtaza Bhutto's colleagues, ex-Brigadier Usman Khalid, said two years ago that what the Pakistani people required was a one-party state on the Libyan model. Murtaza Bhutto himself simply said that the Zia regime could only be overthrown militarily. Late last year a few actions (targetless bombings) were carried out by the PLA in the North-West Frontier province bordering Afghanistan, but the activists involved were arrested and tried. The incidents had very little impact in Pakistan, but were used to justify repression and press censorship.

AT THE BEGINNING of 1981, a new mood was developing in the country. Demonstrations by lawyers challenged the legality of the regime. A few weeks later the students opposed to the regime scored victories in union elections on every major campus. This was the prelude to a new wave of demonstrations demanding the restoration of democracy.

It was reminiscent of the early days of the struggle which overthrew another military dictator in 1968, and it inevitably led to clashes with the army. Three students were shot dead in Lahore, dozens were injured and hundreds were arrested. Sensing the change in the political atmosphere, Pakistan's politicians moved into action. A clandestine meeting was organised in Lahore, at which there were senior figures from every political party of importance — with the predictable exception of the right-wing Jamaat-i-Islami. Mrs Bhutto represented the People's Party.

The meeting decided to form a united democratic front to fight against military dictatorship and struggle for 'immediate general elections, release of political prisoners and the lifting of press censorship'. Zia was threatened with civil disobedience and a general strike. It was at this crucial point that the hijacking of the PIA passenger plane took place. Mrs Bhutto immediately denied press reports which

BIG BROTHER IS LISTENING

Phonetappers & the security state

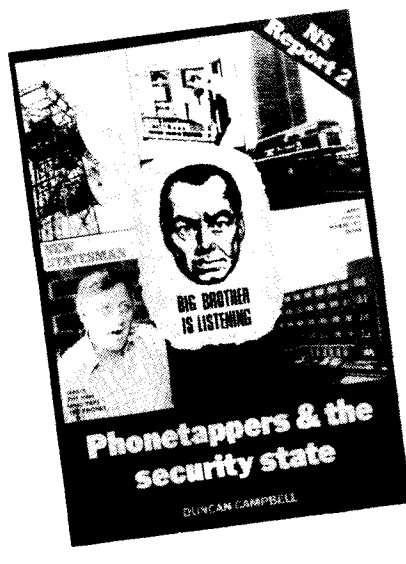
NS Report 2 by Duncan Campbell

The second of a series of reports based on the research and writings of New Statesman staff and contributors, **NS Report 2** investigates the surveillance operations of the British and American intelligence services.

NS Report 2 contains Duncan Campbell's famous exposé of Tinkerbell, the national phone-tapping centre run by the Post Office in Chelsea, his authoritative account of the size and scale of MI5, MI6 and GCHQ and his revelations about *America's Big Ear in Europe*, the US intelligence-gathering base at Menwith Hill in Yorkshire.

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NS Report 2 is on sale in W.H. Smith shops and radical bookshops (£1.50) or direct from New Statesman at £1.75 (including postage and packing). Please send your cheque with order to **Ted Peacock, New Statesman, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ**. Bulk order rates obtainable on request.



claimed that the hijacker was a member of the People's Party, but this did not prevent a new wave of repression from hitting the country. Hundreds of political activists, writers, journalists and actors were imprisoned.

So far, the only beneficiaries of the hijacking appear to be the military regime. Islamabad claims that the hijacking was masterminded by Murtaza Bhutto in Kabul. This is obviously a possibility, though it is clear that the act did not have the support of either his mother or his sister. There is another, more sinister explanation: the hijacking could well have been an initiative by Pakistan's military intelligence, through their *agents provocateurs* in the PLA, to crush the burgeoning opposition activities.

There is, of course, a sub-continental precedent for such an act. On the eve of the Bangladesh war, Indian military intelligence masterminded the hijacking of an Indian plane to Pakistan. The plane was destroyed, giving New Delhi a pretext for closing Indian air space to all Pakistani aircraft, thus delaying the arrival of Pakistani soldiers in Bengal.

Zia is certainly desperate enough to cling to any available lifebelt. His isolation in the country is now complete — even the right-wing mullahs of the Jamaat-i-Islami refused to serve in the General's latest 'civilian cabinet'. He has sought compensation in international affairs, and was openly delighted at Reagan's entry into the White House. Pakistan — an Islamic banana republic living on borrowed time and money — began to be portrayed by apologists as a beleaguered 'frontline state' confronting the wrath of the Soviet Union.

This image, which has gained some credence abroad, is totally disregarded in Pakistan. There is even a growing fear in the army that Zia's repeated untruths and his other antics have seriously tarnished the image of the armed forces. Those generals who are not in his entourage have told politicians that he will not be allowed to stay on beyond the end of the year. A rising mass movement, led by a united opposition, would accelerate Zia's departure. Incidents such as hijackings or random bombings will only help to prolong martial law.



John McVicar's sporting life

On willpower, women and pain

ON SUNDAY 29 MARCH at 9am the gun will go in Greenwich Park to start 7,500 runners in the London Marathon: I intend to be among the rather smaller number reaching the finishing tape outside Buckingham Palace though at my age (I shall be 41 on the day) I suppose I'm not too likely to be the winner, who will probably do it in about 2 hours 10 minutes.

The course runs downhill from the start, and stays level most of the time by keeping inside the Thames basin. 'The only hill is Tower Hill', says Christopher Brasher, the main inspirer of the event. 'It must be a 2 hour 8 minute course'. By this he means there is a good chance of the 12-year-old world record (2hr 8min 39sec) being broken.

Certainly, the winner will average less than five minutes a mile: impressive, if you accept the calculation someone has made to the effect that if you took 20,000 youngish men off the streets, only a few dozen could finish *one* mile inside five minutes. (It's alleged that Pheidippides died after completing his 24-mile run from the Marathon battlefield to Athens in 490BC. The present length of 26 miles 385 yards was set at the London Olympics of 1908, the extra bit being tacked on so that the runners would finish in front of Queen Alexandra in the Royal box.)

It is the ordeal-like nature of the marathon which makes it the Blue Riband of athletic

events. When the crowd at the Olympics rises to the first runner to enter the stadium, they aren't applauding the winner, but paying homage to a person who has come through a severe test of character.

Note the use of 'person'. Although no woman can as yet threaten male supremacy in the marathon, the operative qualifier is 'as yet'.

THE CURRENT women's record was set by Grete Waitz in last October's New York Marathon. Out of 12,549 starters, Waitz came in behind 73 men, in 2hr 25min 42sec, beating her own performance of the previous year. But it wasn't till 1971 that a woman broke three hours: the speed with which the male-female gap is narrowing has promoted speculation that women may be naturally superior at marathon running.

Possibly the burden of childbirth has conferred a greater capacity to withstand pain and fatigue: certainly their metabolism is better-adapted to supplying long-distance energy to the muscles. After about 18 miles of pressure running, men 'hit the wall': their glycogen stores are exhausted, and their metabolism has to switch to burning fat, even protein. In a couple of minutes this can turn a confident runner into a lurching, demoralised non-finisher. Women, on the other hand, don't 'hit the wall' till about 30 miles, and their side-effects aren't so painful.

I began training just after Christmas (I haven't raced since school), and 60-70 miles a week is considered minimal. Waking up every day with the knowledge that 10 miles has to be done is for me the perfect misery pill: it's not so much a protection against killing yourself as a preparation for dying.

'People's marathon's' have come out of the US body cult, and are meant to be for joggers, fun runners and keep-fit freaks, rather than serious marathon competitors. As Brasher puts it, 'The name of the game is now participation'. Part of my problem is that I want to run the course, not jog. Calling a runner a jogger is like telling a table-tennis international he plays ping-pong: joggers never see the pain barrier, but runners are always trying to push it back.

'THE LONELINESS of the Long-Distance Runner', drawn from Sillitoe's story, is the catch-phrase associated with the sport. It's curious how sporting images are corrupted by removal from their context: when we say someone would be a good poker-player, we imply that he's adept at concealing his hand, whereas the essence of the poker-player is his skill at penetrating others' bluff. Sillitoe's image, adequate enough to fit the story about a Borstal boy alienated from the institution for which he runs, isn't accurate as a description of the distance-runner's mental state.

You're never alone: the pain is always a companion, and the siren voices tempting you to stop. The head games which I have to play to silence them would not disgrace a psychiatrist's couch. 'If you run the next mile in six minutes, Jan'll agree to marry you . . . Keep going, otherwise you'll never have the backbone to finish anything you start . . . Think of all the pleasure you'll give to those people whose ears you've been bending about the marathon, if you give up now . . .'

When you're running well, nothing matters except the constant struggle to keep going. If there is room for anything else in your head, you can't go faster: it means you've slackened off the painscrew, and have started to jog. I know when the pace is right, because all my physical and mental capacities are committed to the struggle.

There is nothing available to step over the dogshit if it comes up. I don't care if the pretty ladies see the snot dribbling from my nose. I loathe the fat women with their shopping-bags who push me off my line: dealing with these problems costs effort that I need to keep going at my best. What distance running is about is not winning races: it's about learning to suffer.

Clearly, there's healthy and unhealthy pain. Banging one's head against a wall in order to build up resistance to pain may do just that, but it will also damage one physically. Marathon running is like banging your head against a wall: but when you stop, it's not only nice; you're also not damaged. It's a kind of positive stoicism. It's for people who know life is painful, and decide to prepare for the agony, rather than submit to it or hide from it.

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Police chief played key role in Confait case

ANNA COOTE reports

AFTER A SWIFT but decisive trial-by-news-paper, black partygoers have been found guilty of starting the fire in South London which killed 13 young people in January. 'Partygoer blamed for Deptford fire death' was the *Observer's* front-page announcement; the *Sunday Times* declared it was 'just not possible' that white racists had been responsible. Both accounts appear to have been heavily based on police sources.

Officially, the police maintain they are keeping an 'open mind'. However, their credibility is impaired by the record of Commander Graham Stockwell, who heads the police inquiry. Stockwell was a key figure in the notorious Confait case, in which three youths were convicted — wrongly, after 'confessing' to the police — of murdering a male prostitute and setting fire to the house where his body lay.

Commander (then Detective Inspector) Stockwell was the officer who wrote down the boys' answers to questions put to them by Detective Chief Superintendent Jones during the Confait murder investigation in 1972. These are recorded in Appendix E of Sir Henry Fisher's report on 'the circumstances leading to the trial', published in December 1977 after the Court of Appeal had quashed the convictions of the three boys. Sir Henry, a former High Court judge, concluded 'on the balance of probabilities' that two of the boys had been involved in the murder of Maxwell Confait and that all three had been involved in starting the fire. He reached this opinion largely because the boys' statements, as recorded by DI Stockwell, seemed utterly convincing to him. He says in his report that in relation to three crucial pieces of evidence, the boys' statements could not have been other than convincing 'without deliberate falsification on the part of DI Stockwell'.

New evidence later came to light which put an end to any question of the boys' guilt. On 4 August 1980, Attorney General Sir Michael Havers publicly exonerated them. Christopher Price, MP for Lewisham, called for an internal inquiry to be held in the Metropolitan Police, over the confessions. That inquiry has not taken place. He is now asking for Commander Stockwell to be replaced as officer in charge of the Deptford fire investigation.

The case of the Deptford fire has been hastily pre-judged on all sides, not least by Michael Foot, who announced last weekend that he was sure it had been a racist attack. But the evidence so far is inconclusive. An 'aromatic liquid similar to paint thinner' was found spilt on the carpet in the middle of the room where the fire started. According to some witnesses, the window on to the street was not broken from the outside, but exploded in the heat of the fire. Police believe the heart of the fire was in the middle of the room and that anything thrown through the window would have been impeded by curtains and could not have landed so far inside. There are reports of a row between some



Commander Graham Stockwell

of the partygoers shortly before the fire started. The man in the Austin Princess, on whom rested much early speculation about a racist attack, has made a statement which seems to put him above suspicion.

However, against these details must be set the statements of other witnesses that the heart of the fire was by the window and that there was no fight. There is evidence that glass on top of a table by the window was broken before the fire. Glass from the broken window was found inside the room, but none was found outside. Traces of soap powder found in the room are so far unexplained, and soap powder is a common ingredient in do-it-yourself incendiary devices. There have been several other fire attacks on black people in that area in recent years.

Unless substantial new forensic evidence is produced, it seems unlikely that the police will be able to charge an 'insider' without first gaining a confession, or firm accusations, from one or more of the partygoers.

Several young people have now complained about the way police have treated them in the

course of the inquiry. One youth says he was held overnight in a cold cell and not given a blanket. Another says he was locked in a cell and handcuffed when he asked to be taken for exercise. Another claims he was told he could not see a solicitor. Most of them say they were questioned at times without a parent or solicitor being present. A 16-year-old has described the police threatening to kick down his front door if he did not let them into his home. A 17-year-old has described police attempts to get him to 'tell the truth'. First, he says, an officer told him that all his statements should be destroyed 'since they were all lies because X (another youth) had said there was a fight and I had seen it . . .'

Later he took me upstairs again and went through the questions, but I refused to answer them. He wrote them down and I signed this piece of paper. He then claimed that I was telling the truth but my brother was lying. He said I should tell the truth and then I could go. I said I had, and he took me back to my cell. I was told to ring the bell if I changed my mind.

The young man was finally released after being held for more than 40 hours; he says that as he left he was told he was 'out for now' but would soon 'be arrested and charged'. A 16-year-old who was taken first to the Brockley incident centre (headquarters of the investigation) and then to Lewisham police station, claims a detective told him: 'You'd better say who did the fire because Y (another youth) is going to grass and say you did it'; and that later he was told 'you're not going home tonight because you are a liar'. He says that when he was taken to his cell the same detective called him a 'cunt' and said that his friends at the local youth club had 'cheered' when they heard he had been 'arrested':

I said he wasn't telling the truth and he said that everybody in the street would beat me up within a week.

Lewisham Council for Community Relations say they have taken their own statements from the youths and that these contain 'similar allegations'. Scotland Yard say they 'have every confidence in the man heading the inquiry and in the manner in which it is conducted'. □

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Hope for a radical giveaway

This week a new, co-operatively owned weekly paper is launched in East London. Supported by the labour movement and local enthusiasms the *East End News* still faces considerable difficulties. CRISPIN AUBREY and CHARLES LANDRY report on recent developments in local newspapers.

THE LORRYDRIVER who, several weeks ago, walked into the offices of the *East End News* to make a contribution to the paper gave £100 in cash. Similar support has come from many of the working people of Tower Hamlets, enthusiastic for a paper which 'will campaign against all existing and future attacks on the living standards of the area's workers and residents.'

To survive, EEN needs more than this. On average 80 per cent of weekly and daily local newspapers' income comes from advertising. In the past two years two new radical local papers — *Hull News* and the *Dundee Standard* — have been helped to their death by the lack of advertising.

The EEN has had a long incubation period. Its origin was the closure of the comparatively

progressive *East Ender* in 1979, since when it has taken over a year to raise a £25,000 launch fund. Some of the money has come from national trades unions keen to see interventions against the conservative local press. The economics work out roughly as follows. Weekly running costs are estimated at £2,250 (there is a staff of five). Forecast sales of 10,000 a week at a 10p cover price will produce around £600 (after newsagents and wholesalers have taken their share) and advertising a further £1,200.

The £25,000 is thus needed both to finance a short-term cash out-flow and also to fund losses until both sales and ad income rise further. As selling space in a new small radical paper in the recession is not easy, ad rates undercut other local weeklies by two-thirds.

The paper has a co-operative structure which enables outsiders to buy shares and vote for members of the management committee, which will oversee the paper week by week. There are now 750 corporate and personal shareholders. This ambitious vision of newspaper democracy involves a weekend management committee meeting, consulting the originators of news stories on how they are to be quoted and a 'right of reply' for those who feel severely misrepresented.

The EEN's major competitor is the *East London Advertiser* which, because of its high advertising income, costs only 10p for 48 pages



— twice the size of the EEN. The *Advertiser* also has the advantage of being part of a local monopoly, Greater London and Essex Newspapers, which has a central advertising department offering a total circulation of 150,000. The EEN is hopeful, however, of attracting advertisers in Tower Hamlets, which the *Advertiser*, with its regional outlook, often ignores. And ENN's main journalist, Mike Jempson, believes 'if you can produce a bright, breezy paper that will sell, your politics won't matter.'

INCREASINGLY, local papers are taking the logical step of depending entirely on advertising income. The latest issue of the trade directory BRAD lists 389 free newspapers, 145 more than the previous year. Total circulation of the free sheets is now estimated at 10 million copies a week. Normally these are delivered door-to-door by schoolkids, pensioners or special delivery firms, though recently some newsagents have started delivering them.

Last week saw the start of the *London Free Weekender*, a 64 page paper with an initial print run of 500,000, started by people made redundant from the *Evening News*. It undercuts the *New Standard's* ad rate by nearly a half and hopes to push its circulation to one million shortly. It is also distributed from NCP car parks and Heron petrol stations.

Free newspapers, if well run, can offer advertisers total coverage, instead of the 30 per cent of households who buy a paper. But normally not more than a fifth of the space is editorial — and often then it is little more than advertising puffs. One chain of seven papers, with a combined circulation of 385,000 in Essex, employs only 14 journalists.

Initially free papers were started by entrepreneurs outside the press who saw the possibilities of launching and running them very cheaply. But now established newspaper chains — whose sales and ad revenues have been dented — are joining in. Westminster Press — one of the largest local newspaper groups — is now also the largest publisher of freesheets. During 1979 its Bedford County Press series of conventional paid-for papers made a hefty loss; the free-sheet competitor, *Bedfordshire on Sunday*.

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enjoyed a 100 per cent return on capital.

These developments provide both a warning and an opportunity for the creation of radical local weeklies. First, they show the increasing pressure which the demands of advertisers are placing on newspapers. This is happening at a time when — despite the sector's profitability — titles are being closed down and firms are amalgamating into larger combines, often with redundancies.

But, secondly, this very job loss is likely to encourage the establishment of alternatives. The *Nottingham News*, for instance, emerged from the sacking of 28 journalists during the 1978/79 provincial newspaper dispute. It is now in its third year, and sells 10,000 copies a week, though it too has been hit by the recession and would find it difficult to survive without the payment of journalists' wages by the NUJ.

THE LATEST CASUALTY of the current squeeze is the *Camden Journal* — one of three newspapers in the North London News group — which was closed last December. The management claim the series lost £116,000 in the previous year and sacked nine journalists. With the backing of the NUJ they are fighting to regain their jobs, as well as producing a weekly campaign paper, *Save the Journal*, which already sells more copies than the paper it is trying to save.

The journalists say they were victimised because of their effective union organisation and the paper's left-of-centre editorial policy. The company denies this, though one of its other papers has described the journalists as 'a coterie of dedicated Marxists, Trotskyists and other left-wingers.'

The journalists criticise the owners — Courier Press Holdings, who own profitable papers in the Midlands and Wales — for consistently underselling the paper, for instance by not offering sale or return deals to newsagents. But they have rejected the company's offer to sell them the title for £1 (with strings) as 'cynical', saying they could not keep nine people employed; though they have said they would consider economies to get the paper going again under the existing management.

Is there an alternative? The journalists on the *Camden Journal* have probably still got enough industrial strength to force Courier Press into giving them the title and some cash, perhaps £20,000. In Camden they could launch a free paper to mop up the *Journal's* advertising, as there is no free paper competing in the area. The profits from this could be used to launch an eventually self-financing local paper without advertising. In France both *Canard Enchaîné* and *Liberation* (currently temporarily suspended) do without advertising on principle. In the *Journal's* case this would probably mean raising the cover-price to a weekly 25p — roughly half a *New Statesman* — but it would allow the paper strong editorial coverage, free of advertising control.

One new idea might be to have a large consumer section with a critical shopping and services guide — a local version of *Which?* In addition it could copy the *Liverpool Free Press* which pioneered and was hugely successful (monthly sales of 10,000 and no ads) with its local investigations. Finally, there could be a free classified advertising section: most local papers are bought for classifieds as much as editorial.

East End News, 17 Victoria Park Square, London E2. 01-981 7337
Save the Journal, 38-40 Camden Road, London NW1. 01-485 8207.

New Statesman 13 March 1981

Diary

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

■ It is almost a year since we triggered off a House of Commons inquiry into the D-notice system. The report of the Select Committee on Defence, though recommending — through weight of Tory lobby-fodder — that the system be retained, suggested nonetheless that the Ministry of Defence should undertake a near-terminal overhaul of it. The D-Notice Committee has now produced its first communication since that recommendation was made, and I looked eagerly for signs that the legislators' bidding was being attended to.

None is visible. True, the name of David Chipp, editor-in-chief of the Press Association, has been deleted from the Committee. But then he told the MPs that in his view the system should be scrapped. The measures for giving a larger degree of independence to the Press consist of abolishing the vice-chairmanship held by Mr Windsor Clarke of Westminster Press, whose grovelling and fanciful evidence didn't seem to impress MPs very much (he was responsible for the notion that journalists in other countries envy the D-notice system), and his replacement by Mike Ramsden, editor of *Flight* magazine, as 'Press and Broadcasting Spokesman'. Mr Ramsden can be counted upon to kiss his chains with all the assiduity that Windsor Clarke displayed.

■ A mole creeps by with a copy of an intriguing new government document, with the unlikely title *400 Ways To Make a Free Telephone Call*. Sir Derek Rayner and his cost-cutting team have clearly been working overtime on methods for shifting the cost of bureaucratic communication away from the public purse.

The secret codes which accomplish this feat are listed in the new booklet, which instructs civil servants in the use of the new Government Telecommunications Network, which is their official-use only phone system. All major government offices are on the Network, which centres (yes) upon a bombproof bunker in Westminster. However, on examination of the booklet, it seems that certain connections to the true centres of power have not been listed; there is no mention of the line which connects to the US Embassy (2811) or the one to MI5 HQ in Curzon St (2917).

Of course, none of the calls is really 'free'. They merely transfer costs from the Department concerned to the central funds. You and I then pay.

■ Top spook jobs are up for reshuffling once again, with an impending vacancy at the top of MI5. A prominent candidate for the post appears to be Sir Francis Brooks Richards, who took over last year from Sir Maurice Oldfield as Security Co-ordinator for Northern Ireland. When Sir Maurice transferred to the job from All Souls, he was the most distinguished holder of a job which since 1969 has been filled by an important member of the secret world — there seems to be an alternation between MI5 and their rivals in MI6.

The present head of MI5, Sir Howard Trayton Smith, for example, did a stint as 'British Government Representative' in 1970-2. Before that, Sir Oliver Wright represented MI6 as 'Political Adviser to the Northern Ireland

Command'. As the IRA soon discovered, the cover for MI6 staffers was the 'Political Secretariat'. This led to one of the less fortunate of bureaucratic acronyms, for Sir Oliver's first message from Downing Street began: 'Instructions; from Prime Minister; to PANIC . . .'

■ Colleagues and the Editor of the *New Statesman* have to be thanked for their continuing forbearance and acceptance of the unorthodox manner in which this reporter arrives at the NS office. That is, clad, in all weathers, in shorts and astride a bicycle. I feel very evangelical, not to say extreme, about the virtues of bicycles. And of course, there is nothing to pep you up for a day at the office like unarmed combat on the streets of London with thousands of steel, rubber and glass monsters to whom eviscerated bodies are nothing if a few seconds may be saved in the commuter queue.

It is with considerable pleasure therefore that I can report that our hard up government has forked out no less than £15,000 to improve Our (Cycling) Lot in my part of town. Hackney Borough Council is now in consultation with the DoT and the local Cycling Action Group on how this opulence may best be carved up. Unfortunately, one of the problems now with special (and safer) routes for cyclists is that you first have to spend large sums removing the frequent sizeable potholes which abound in most less-well-off boroughs' minor roads.

It may, thus, be back to self defence. This includes the psychologically potent technique of banging on offending car roofs, which has a delightful effect in penetrating the mobile walls around drivers' egos. The second is the Bicycle-Borne Long Range Deterrent, a ferociously powerful air horn normally fitted to yachts braving the Channel, which can convince even taxi drivers that a substantial juggernaut is bearing down on them.

One or two clouds spoil the pleasant vision of a great future for cycles, which are the most efficient means of transport in the known universe. The Tory government and GLC's enthusiasm for the matter makes me uneasy, though perhaps it's ecological subversion within. Then there is the disturbing echo of the episode in *All The President's Men* when Carl

Roger Woddiss

Sexual Congress

The April issue of Playboy reveals secret sexual practices among legislators in Washington.

The lobbies are loud with the cries of the
pleasured,
The toilets are crowded on Capitol Hill,
And using the yardstick by which they are
measured,
Such acts are more urgent than blocking a bill.

Then hail to the Moral Majority,
Supporters of President Clean
And fitted to speak with authority
On matters that touch the obscene.

There's Congressman Bullshine, the pride of
the nation,
A very close colleague of Senator Bray,
Who was quietly requested to take a vacation,
And later confessed to have had it away.

Then hail to our leaders who dreamingly,
While standing where Lincoln once trod,
Go down on their knees, although seemingly
Are not always praying to God.

Bernstein, also a cycle freak, discovered to his distaste that one of the principal White House villains regularly arrived on a splendid ten-speed. Last year, I was keeping secret watch on the phone-tappers' centre, Tinkerbell in Chelsea, on a cold January morning. At 7am, one of the tappers turned up clad in shorts, astride an enviable silver racer. Is nothing sacred?

■ The Social Democrats are still having their start-up troubles. A friend, who would undoubtedly have made them an excellent local party manager, confesses to me that he wrote off to David Owen in some enthusiasm after reading the 'Limehouse Declaration' (this part of the story is hard to believe). He received, in return, a flyer for David Owen's book *Face the Future*, with the instruction that 'our policy' could be discovered therein, plus a brusquely-worded appeal for funds. His enthusiasm was quelled.

I don't know where the SocDems will be getting their money from, but assume they will not be short of it. Readers are counselled to apply some vigilance to the funding of publications they put forth.

For instance, a little careful investigation recently provoked the admission that the Labour and Trades Union Press Service, which published William Rodgers' pamphlet on Cruise missiles (and has produced many other free handouts for Labour and union papers) is 100 per cent funded by NATO.

■ The KGB has not been keeping quiet either. Last year (NS 27 June 1980, 'How to blow up the world') we reported on the horrifying contents of purloined US Air Force European nuclear target plans which revealed that the USAF was ready to H-Bomb neutral countries like Austria and even West Germany itself to keep them free, and that the US was indeed ready for a 'pre-emptive' nuclear strike. The photocopied documents were distributed to MPs and a few papers' from an unidentifiable source. Now, they are appearing again, this time in a bound, printed volume entitled 'Holocaust Again for Europe'. A new foreword claims 'It's not every day that someone risks publishing a batch of Top Secret NATO plans...'. This book claims to be printed in England; certainly it has been sent to journalists and others on the Continent, from Birmingham.

The documents are genuine, that much was established a long time ago. But they are rather incomplete. I have my suspicions as to who in Britain is acting for the KGB in this matter, although I won't reveal the suspicions yet. But perhaps they'd like to take a memo to Moscow; can they now please send out the missing bits?

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

□ Litigation solicitor required for litigation practice with emphasis on matrimonial law. Large but friendly firm offers prospects and salary. Ability to play cricket and/or golf at novice level a distinct advantage. — Ad in *Guardian* (Frances Passmore)

□ Asked what a doctor should do if he thought a criminal was in his surgery, the BMA spokesman said: 'I can't believe that in these circumstances a doctor would not put the public interest before everything else, and in some way or other make sure he was interviewed by the police. I don't mean to say that the doctor would ring up the police himself — a receptionist could do it.' — *Yorkshire Post* (Edith Simpson)



Sister sleuths

Arthur Marshall

THE OLDER I become, and as joyous year succeeds, with ever increasing rapidity, to joyous year, the less I approve of those who, with either the written or the spoken word, go in for really wholesale denigration of everybody and everything. This is hardly the place, and my goodness me it isn't, to name various individuals who seem to prefer to strike a sour note, but for me the journalistic scene has never been the same since the demise, and I think it must have been a pre-war death, of the dear old *Happy Magazine*, jammed with fun and pun and japes and general jollity, with an especially merry line in jokes and illustrations of honeymoon couples setting off for Brighton in a car whose numberplate read OU2. Reluctant as I am ever to criticise in the smallest degree either Americans or the land in which they live (I have asked you before now to picture a world without America. Very well then, kindly go right ahead and picture it all over again), the USA did produce a literary gentleman who went in quite a bit for denigration and who chose to disparage two of my favourite manufacturers of highly saleable and readable prose.

The gentleman concerned was Edmund Wilson. Snaps of him reveal no fun figure. The face is gloomy. Secret sorrows seem to lurk. He may well have smiled, say, every other year but I have seen no visual evidence of it. Anyhow, this Mr Wilson decided to speak patronisingly, at best, of Somerset Maugham's abilities as a writer of short stories (I would have thought it clear to all that, in addition to *Rain*, there are at least half a dozen of the longer stories which are masterpieces of their kind), before moving on, horrid old toad, to attempt to demolish Agatha Christie and the detective story in general in an article called, if I've remembered it correctly, 'Who cares who killed Roger Ackroyd?'

Well, I do for one, and with me her vast and worldwide readership, from South Sea Islanders goggling away in, naturally, the south, to Eskimos way beyond the timber line and in the frozen arctic, for who can doubt that after a nourishing supper of *surprise de reindeer* and before lights out in the igloo, Mrs Christie is excitedly passed, in translation, from hand to hand and devoured in the feeble glow from the whale-blubber lamp, though one does rather wonder what Miss Marple's muffins and seed-cake and uncle (Canon of Ely) come out as in Eskimo. Devoted Christie readers will recall demure Jane Marple as being a charmingly flutery, dithery, feathery spinster and cottage-resident in the village of St Mary Mead (the very name breathes gentility), a fitting background for a character whose apparent innocuousness and lack of grasp lulls murderers galore into the fatal mistake of underrating her and her remarkable powers of detection and deduction. But I doubt whether either Mrs Christie or the dear little creature herself ever realised what a problem they pose for imaginative readers who also dwell in reputable villages.

Let us, for example, suppose that I have just re-read one of the many marvellous Miss

Marple crime stories. Emerging from 'Myrtlebank' and into the peaceful roads of Appleton, I make for one of the village shops and encounter, en route, Mrs Mountjoy (Berenice at moments of conviviality). She is alone. Odd! No sign of the Canon. 'Where's Roland?' I say in my cheery way, adding merrily 'Done him in at last?' Berenice, obviously flustered, looks guilty and blushes (not much sense of humour there, I fear) and little more is needed to convince me that at that moment the Canon is lying dead on his library floor with an eastern dagger of curious design buried up to the hilt between his shoulder blades. In his left hand are the galoshes which he was prudently about to slip on, for the day is inclement, and his right hand clutches a torn piece of paper on which is written 'Vim, Harpic, Daz, toilet rolls, Airwick freshener, post *Church Times* and collect pension', words which the naive and uninitiated will immediately take to be a shopping-list but which, to a Marple mind, are important and full of hidden significance.

Then I meet, to cries of 'What ho, chaps!', Giles Bultitude just climbing into the Merc and heavy with expensive purchases (we now boast a delicatessen counter). No sign of Bunty. Strange! Dead as a doornail, I can only suppose, spreadeagled on the luxu-duvet in the master suite and suffocated by one of those voluminous-crinolined ladies who, in some bedrooms, conceal the upstairs telephone. In her death struggles, she has pluckily managed to seize a biro and scratch on the telephone pad just three letters of an uncompleted word — CRI. Was it the name of her murderer, 'Crittenden' or 'Critchley'? Was she, possibly, trying to express surprise and dismay at her demise with the mild oath of 'Crikey!?' Was it perhaps a thoughtful reminder, a devoted wife to the last, to Giles that they are fresh out of crinkle cut potatoes, a 'Spar' speciality? Having no local Miss Marple, we shall never know.

Those devoted literary researchers down the less well-trodden paths, Patricia Craig and Mary Cadogan (remember their *You're a Brick, Angela!*, a splendid review of girls school stories?) have been at it again and to our great profit. *The Lady Investigates* (Gollancz, £9.95) features fictional women detectives and spies in rich profusion and from both sides of the Atlantic. The names alone are fascinating — Nora Van Snoop (terribly unconventional and dined at the Café Royal alone, if you please), the old maidish Amelia Butterworth (her murderers included one who used a hat-pin and pushed his victims down wells, just like Lady Audley) and a lady unfortunately called Clarice Dyke, happily married, however, and to a male detective, so that's all right. There was also the intrepid Eileen Dare who jumped off the top of blazing buildings rather more successfully than they did in *The Towering Inferno* and who was sometimes trapped in London cellars with the Thames flood water rising about her ('Oh, what a state my costume will be in!'). And on to the wonderfully hearty Mrs Pym who discovers a woman stabbed to death in a boat and just says 'Lug her to the bank and we'll have a look-see.'

As to spies, there is even a French one in a Biggles story (wildly inefficient, she allows her carrier pigeon to get eaten by a cat), while that great authority, Bernard Newman, speaks admiringly of a real life lady of easy virtue called Regina who was able to blink messages accurately in Morse code. Ideal for husbands and wives at dull dinner parties ('How soon can we leave?'). □

LETTERS

Gems at the PRO. . .

From Andrew Chester

Duncan Campbell may be right in saying that the 'nastiest and most embarrassing' official material never reaches the Public Records Office (NS 27 February) but, as his article on the FO and the eggheads showed, amusing and intriguing material does reach it. Your readers might be interested in the following gem turned up in the course of research into the economic policy of the 1945-51 Labour government.

It is an excerpt from the minutes of the Lord President's Committee, which was a Cabinet committee — chaired by Herbert Morrison — in charge of co-ordinating economic policy. A major problem was the allocation of scarce dollars to various imports, and one crucial commodity affected was newsprint.

At this particular meeting a minister, evidently disgruntled with the newspapers' treatment of the Labour government, stated that: 'It would be worth pointing out to the newspaper proprietors that they ought not to use the additional space which larger dollar imports of newsprint would give them to criticise the government for not importing larger quantities of other dollar commodities, such as petrol' (CAB 132/1, LP(46)13, emphasis added).

Like 'OCPGDI (LISC)' there seems to be something at least incipiently nasty and embarrassing about this idea, even if it was never acted upon. But then, relations between a Labour government and capitalist newspapers were never easy. At the same meeting it was proposed that the proprietors be pressed to give the public greater 'freedom of choice'!

19a Wellington Park, Bristol

. . . and our record

From Christopher Mayhew

I was amused by your report (NS 27 February) on the proposal put up to me in 1949, as the minister responsible, to enlist well-known intellectuals in the anti-Stalinist propaganda campaign of the Information Research Department. The proposal was evidently a foolish one, and I am glad to see that I turned it down.

But what is interesting about the report is its revelation that the authors hold exactly the same view of anti-Stalinist propaganda as the *New Statesman* itself 32 years ago. In those days your paper regularly derided the 'cold warriors' of the Foreign Office who talked nonsense about slave labour in the Soviet Union and whose class prejudices blinded them to the progressive nature of 'people's democracy'.

Instead of publishing renewed insults about us, should you not now give us some credit for telling the truth, in a good cause, at some political risk to ourselves? Indeed, even after this long interval, should you not offer us an apology?

39 Wool Road, London SW20

Tobacco tactics

From Oliver Gillie, *Sunday Times* medical correspondent

Your article about tobacco company tactics (NS 27 February) was not fair to the *Sunday Times*, which, I believe, has probably done more than any other newspaper to keep the smoking issue before readers. Our Sports Department has been running a series of articles on the theme of exercise against smoking, intended to help readers give up smoking by taking up exercise.

These articles also seem to have played a part in causing the withdrawal of the Wills advertising. Nevertheless Harold Evans has continued to run them.

I believe our editor has done much more than other Fleet Street editors to resist the pressures of tobacco advertisers. For example, in 1977 an article written by me was published in the *Sunday Times* magazine, describing how the last four British kings died of smoking diseases. At least two national newspapers had follow-up articles scheduled on this subject which were cancelled at the last minute. In one case it involved a late change in a lead diary item, something which is most unusual. We have been sheltered from this sort of pressure on the *Sunday Times*.

You refer to a 'statement' about the *Sunday Times* policy on campaigning against cigarette advertising. This was only an early draft sent to me and another journalist for our opinions. It also said that 'It is the policy of the *Sunday Times* to print the news without fear or favour irrespective of the advertising in our columns. This includes smoking. On cigarette smoking we intend, when appropriate, to name brands of cigarettes'.

61 Dartmouth Park Road, London NW5

Lonrho's adventure

From Martin Bailey

I would like to correct the record about the use — due to a misunderstanding — of my by-line on last week's article about Lonrho's purchase of the *Observer*. I had been asked by the editor of the NS to provide a background paper on Lonrho, sanctions-busting and the oil companies. Only three sentences of this paper were actually used, and I did not see the rest of the published article.

As I am a freelance contributor to the *Observer* I am naturally concerned that the newspaper is being sold. But it is difficult to say whether Lonrho is more likely to interfere with the editorial independence of the paper than any other proprietor would do. Of course private ownership of the media can always lead to interference to further the commercial interests of the proprietor. It is a journalist's responsibility to fight this when it does occur.

London WC1

Aiming high

From Anthony Miles, Chairman & Editorial Director, Mirror Group Newspapers

Just a point about Harold 'Lee' Tracey who is alleged to have 'infiltrated' the *Daily Mirror* in 1952: according to our records he was on the staff for 14 months, leaving in February 1954. On his application form he gave as his aim: 'The Top.' For up read down.

Holborn Circus, London EC1

Pop for the people

From Steve Harris

As a founder director of Pennine Radio, the first of the ILR stations to try and incorporate the idea of community radio in its franchise application, I was disappointed by your article on 'Fighting Pop, Prattle and Profits'. (NS 20 February).

The assumption that somehow community radio must be worthy, well meaning, wordy and not a little disorganised, is elitist and patronising to say the least. In reality there should be no inherent contradiction between a popular station with high audience rat-

Schools on TV: two views from the classroom

From A. W. Fright

Why all the fuss about *Grange Hill* (NS 27 February)? After all, it is only a serialised schooldays yarn put on for children when adults are not supposed to be looking. There are, of course, some inevitable lapses from realism. Our heroes are rather long in the tooth for Third Years — but then they were pretty ancient First Years.

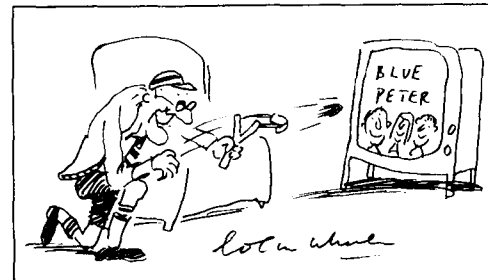
Since retiring from teaching almost a year ago, I have been able to watch much of the recent series; the exigencies of service with the Tuckers of this world prevented me from seeing more than an occasional glimpse of earlier episodes. But I have now seen enough to be able to award ten out of ten to Tucker Jenkins and Alan Humphries for the sustained excellence of their performance, and three house points each for the sensitive interpretation of their subtle relationship. Stereotypes they may be, but they are the types I remember with affection, the ones who brought colour and warmth to my teaching life.

What this new-found tea-time viewing has done for me, at least, is to confirm that I am happier and more hopeful with the refreshing vigour and honesty of the *Grange Hill* sub-culture than I am with the smarmy do-gooders of *Blue Peter*.

25 Tormead Road, Guildford, Surrey.

From Mark Taha

I am a *Grange Hill* fan; however, I



must agree with J.M.P. Hodgson's view that the series is unrealistic. Far too many of the stories look like Victorian moral tales.

As an example, I would like to cite episodes 15 and 16 of the latest series. In these, some *Grange Hill* pupils who are in a singing group take the afternoon off school to go to Barnet to do a gig. One of them spins her form-mistress the old yarn about her grandmother's death (does anyone really still use that one?) but gets found out, as do her friends. The headmistress decides to recommend their expulsion but lets off her heroine with a caning, at the request of the girl's mother.

Frankly, I find this unbelievable. Is it really credible that a London comprehensive would expel pupils for simply taking an afternoon off, when London is well known to have the highest truancy rate in Britain? I went to an all-boys grammar school, and not only did I 'bunk off' several times without being caught, but, when a couple of boys in my form took an afternoon off to go to the Derby, they were not even caned — let alone expelled!

49 The Avenue, Ealing, London W13.

ings, and a community station, because a station that serves only the narrow interests of activists and drives away the mass audience is no community station at all.

The kind of station envisaged by some of those involved in Cardiff Broadcasting will always come to grief, because no one will want to listen to it. However, with the sort of attractive mix of playlisted pop music and informed and informative talk practised by the best ILR stations, like Radio City or Mercia Sound, it is possible to fulfil the intentions of the IBA to inform, educate and entertain.

Finally the inference that Standard Broadcasting is some kind of creeping capitalistic octopus slowly strangling ILR in this country is wide of the mark. In my experience as a director of Penine, their profile has been so low as to be subterranean. They merely regard ILR in this country as a good investment — except perhaps in Cardiff?

1 Highfield, Twyford, Winchester, Hants.

The reign in Spain

From Bryan Matheson

Your correspondent Julie Flint (NS 27 February) states that 'It's certain that (Juan Carlos) didn't want to appear (on TV) until it was clear the rebels had lost'.

As the television station was taken over by the rebels, it is difficult to see how the king could have made an appearance any sooner. Also, according to the report of more impartial journalists, he promptly made a statement firmly rejecting a military takeover, spent the night telephoning regional army commanders to ensure their loyalty, and ordered junior ministers and officials into permanent ses-

sion 'to guarantee democracy'.

Your correspondent commences her snide attack with the words, 'It is certain. . .'. Certain to whom? Herself? She doesn't say.

Flat 1, The Savoy, Regent Road, Great Yarmouth.

Church notes

From Ewen H. Wilson

You have given your readers a partially false idea of Church of England schools ('The desecularisation of education', NS 6 March). The school referred to in Bexley is a VC (Voluntary Controlled) school. It is in almost every respect like a state school, and is controlled by the secular authorities. A VA (Voluntary Aided) school is administered by the Church. There is no pressure in a VC school for the staff or pupils to be Anglicans.

8 Shaftesbury Road, Bridlington, Yorks.

Anti-nuclear success

From A. Rudolf

With reference to Christopher Hitchens's notice of Sir Martin Ryle's *Towards The Nuclear Holocaust*, published by us this week, the price is not £1.50 but 75p. The reduction has been made possible by a large bulk order. The Menard Press, 23 Fitzwarren Gardens, London N19

Trouble for Arthur

From W.D. Campbell

Although I'm very partial to the musings of Arthur Marshall, I feel his memory served him ill. In his reference to *gilding the lily*: The correct procedure (aint it?) Is to paint it. Ticknell Corner, The Slade, Charlbury, Oxford

BOOKS & ARTS

C.S.L. Davies discusses the relationship between fact and theory in the writing of history

Making sense of chaos

'BEFORE earth, sea and the sky, which covers everything, existed, nature had an appearance throughout its expanse that the philosophers called Chaos, a great and inchoate matter; and it was nothing but an uncertain and sluggish weight, and discordant seeds of things not well combined together gathered in the same expanse.' So Ovid, according to a 15th-century chronicler. I'm told he meant Virgil; but either way, it is no bad image of a Ruskin History Workshop.

History Workshop began in 1966; an affirmation of concrete, 'real-life experience' against what Raphael Samuel calls 'abstracted empiricism'; that is a dehumanised statistical economic history, a labour history concerned only with organisation, and so on. Adult students at Ruskin were to explore the working-class communities from which they had come, including their myths and traditions. At the beginning all this seems to have been reasonably un-selfconscious. That innocence has vanished. 'People's History' raised intractable problems of interpretation. Methodological questions dominated the proceedings at the 13th workshop in 1979 which make up *People's History and Socialist Theory*.

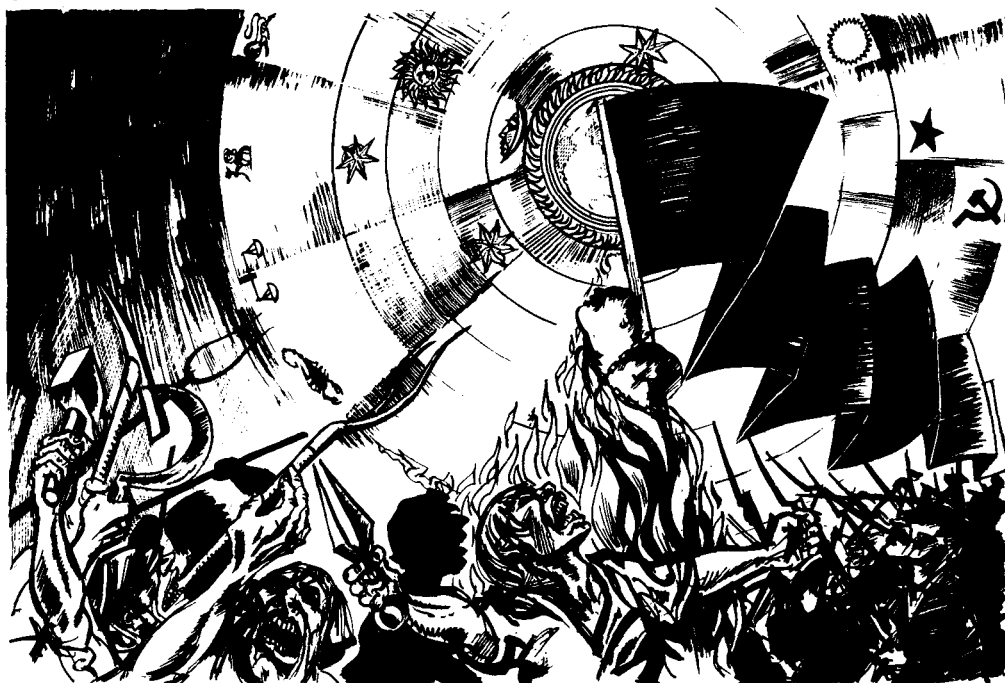
Significantly only one contributor, Dave Douglass, a miner, seems to be currently a manual worker (and the only participant to wear a suit). Some of the others come from outside academia, narrowly defined. But academics predominate and some of the more irritating traits of academic esotericism are on view, like allusive references to unpublished papers. Much of the language is obscure. And too many papers reveal that penchant for verbal violence which Marx bequeathed to the left.

That said, *People's History* has the Workshop virtues: enthusiasm, range, vitality. The issues raised are important: socialist commitment against 'objectivity'; the feminist angle on class; African 'slavery' before the arrival of the Europeans; whether the 'popular press' tells us anything about 'popular culture' or only about what the dominant class thinks would be good for the masses.

The Workshop has outgrown its labour-history origins. Rosamond Faith bursts through the technical barriers which so often shut off medieval social history to the non-specialist, to place the demands of the 1381 rebels in the context of a living peasant culture. Tim Mason poses awkward questions about the heroism of many ordinary stormtroopers on the streets before 1933. Ian Carter traces the image of the Scottish peasants, and also asks why they were less militant in the North-East than in the West

Highlands. Feminists debate the concept of patriarchy. Hans Medick and Michael Ignatieff revisit the battlefields of 'the transition from feudalism to capitalism'. Danish labour, oral history, France, Ruhr miners, Scottish political economists of the Enlightenment — the range is vast. Nearly all the articles raise issues of substance; nearly all, I found, were worth careful reading, even though I often had the impression of eavesdropping on a long-running family quarrel.

Robin Law's deft challenge to the Althusserian, primacy-of-theory, approach to history, in the African section, is worth singling out; lower-key than Edward Thompson's sustained polemic, in its way as effective. The row round



Thompson's *Poverty of Theory* was the highlight of the weekend. The issues have been expounded at length in the *New Statesman*, and need no repetition. Very crudely, theory unchecked by 'the facts' flies off into self-fulfilling unreality. The 'facts', on the other hand, are not self-evident or self-selective. There are no 'facts', just answers to questions. And so we are back at theory. How to break out of the circle? And, if that is impossible, how to apportion the emphasis?

The argument drags in a host of marginally-related issues; the power struggles on the board of *New Left Review*, the positions taken by the participants on the political problems of the last 20 years ('What did you do in the Viet Nam war, Daddy?'). Thompson argues that 'authoritarian, elitist, inhumane and philistine attitudes' engender corresponding political attitudes; that the violence of his polemic against Althusser is therefore not only justified but necessary. Denunciation, however, seems now to be an automatic reflex on Thompson's part, and the volley of fire directed here against Stuart Hall and Richard Johnson for their reasoned objections wholly out of proportion. 'Subsequent discussion', Samuel reports, 'was

almost impossible. The aftermath of the fusillade hung like a pall of smoke over the rest of the conference.'

Fernand Braudel's *Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II* (Fontana £3.50 per volume), an all-time masterpiece of the historian's craft, has become well-known here since its translation in 1972. But its daunting length makes it more cited than read. *On History* is a collection of Braudel's essays, written, for the most part, be it noted, in the Fifties. It is beautifully written and in the main well translated by Sarah Matthews. ('Authoritarian' for 'autoritaire' may be an inspired mistranslation when applied to Karl Marx, but it is hard on Louis Chevalier to be commended for 'complicated and authoritarian thinking'.) Its first theme is the unity of human sciences, and the indispensability for them of a historical dimension; but this dimension comes from a history which is not the 'history of events' but of a history 'conceived in the long term'. On the face of it, Braudel would seem a prime example of Gallic theorist, indifferent to mere facts.

The essence of Braudel is the juxtaposition of time-scales; the minutely particular, specific to here and now, the rather longer middle term

(the range on which most historical generalisation is based), the *longue durée*, and even, or especially, geological time. The essential question — just how do we know that your example is in fact 'typical' — is begged in the *Mediterranean*. In *On History* it disappears in rhetoric.

The *longue durée*, the conjuncture, the event all fit into each other neatly and without difficulty, for they are all measured on the same scale. To be able to achieve an imaginative understanding of one of these time spans is to be able to understand them all.

There is in Braudel a good deal of this sort of jelly. His practice fortunately transcends his theory. The sensitivity to particularisms of time and space, the ability to evoke an atmosphere, is precisely what makes the *Mediterranean* a classic, and what ensures its survival when the generalisations it enunciates are shaken, as many of them already are. These essays are no substitute for the great work, not even an introduction to it. Better by far plunge straight in.

Ginzburg's *The Cheese and the Worms* is the story of a 16th-century miller who found himself caught up in the trammels of the Inquisition. Domenico Menocchio lived all his life in Montreale, a small hill-town in the Friuli. He

People's History and Socialist Theory edited by Raphael Samuel Routledge £10.95 & £6.95

On History by FERNAND BRAUDEL Weidenfeld £10.95

The Cheese and the Worms: The Cosmos of a Sixteenth-Century Miller by CARLO GINZBURG Routledge £7.95

Folklore by the Fireside: Text and Context of the Tuscan Veglia by ALESSANDRO FALASSI Scolar Press £12.50

was an autodidact of a familiar sort, 'always arguing with somebody about the faith just for the sake of arguing — even with the priest.' 'Priests', Menocchio thought, 'want us under their thumb, just to keep us quiet, while they have a good time.' Menocchio was determined to fashion his own cosmography. From the primal chaos allegedly depicted by Ovid:

a mass was formed, just as cheese is made out of it, and worms appeared in it, and these were the angels, and among that number of angels, there was also God, he too having been created out of the mass at the same time.

He was not very clear about God. In one version, God was separate from and inferior to the 'Divine Majesty' which had presided over the chaos, in another God was an emanation of Divine Majesty. The Holy Spirit was given to all, Christian and heathen alike. There was universal salvation. Sacraments (except oddly for the eucharist) were just a con invented by the priests.

Menocchio got away with these unusual and subversive views for years, before somebody eventually shopped him. Tried by the Inquisition, he recanted and was imprisoned. Released after a couple of years (and appointed churchwarden), he was betrayed again in didactic mood, re-arrested, and burnt.

GINZBURG uses the story of Menocchio to try to penetrate the popular culture of Counter-Reformation Italy. The first surprise is Menocchio's access to a surprising variety of books which he borrowed, or bought quite cheaply.

They included great compilations through which he was in touch with the classics and the apocryphal gospels. He might just possibly (though the evidence seems unconvincing) have had a Koran. He certainly displayed a lively interest in Islam. By comparing the books with what Menocchio made of them, Ginzburg attempts to reconstruct the assumptions he brought with him to his studies. 'Peasant culture' was more than a tardy and crude reflection of 'high culture'. Ideas did not just percolate downwards. There was, he suggests, a lively and continuing strain of down-to-earth popular scepticism as well as a strain of credulous piety. He goes further and suggests that 'peasant culture' in turn influenced 'high culture', that 'Rabelais and Brueghel probably weren't unusual exceptions'. Ginzburg seems to me to be forcing the argument. Nevertheless, his book is a good example of the way historians are using the microscope to produce significant results.

That, of course, is what anthropological studies aim to do. *Folklore by the Fireside* looks at the Tuscan *veglia*, an evening party for folk-song and story-telling. Falassi is interested not just in the content of the stories and songs, but in what people's behaviour tells us about their mental world. The book has its occasional absurdities, such as the diagrammatic representation of the plot of Cinderella. And it would be useful to have a bit more context, to know how Falassi's peasants vote, whether they go to Mass, and so on. But Falassi does evoke the atmosphere of the *veglia* and shows how it served to inculcate the values of the traditional peasant family. Ostensibly patriarchal as the family may have been, in practice the men felt it constraining. Falassi points the contrast by looking also at the 'anti-veglia' of the village tavern. To my surprise, I found this the most enjoyable of the four books.

Social history is alive and well. If its diver-

sity, and its stress on the particular, challenge our too easy generalisations, all to the good. Historians have to struggle with the wider issues. But their findings, if they are honest, will be maddeningly untidy. The 'factors' which have been abstracted for analysis will recombine in a bewildering variety of ways in any real situation. An emphasis on variety, on the richness of human experience, need not be a confession of failure, but a positive lesson for historians and social scientists to teach; if politicians and civil servants will only listen. □

NEXT WEEK: Ken Worpole continues the discussion of history's untidiness with reference to 19th- and 20th-century working-class movements in Britain.

Andrew Clayton

'Eliminate him!'

Assassination on Embassy Row by JOHN DINGES & SAUL LANDAU *Writers & Readers* £6.95

On 21 September 1976 Orlando Letelier, former Chilean Ambassador to Washington and former Minister of Defence in Allende's government, was killed by a car bomb on Washington's Embassy Row. Both he and his young assistant, Ronni Moffitt, died horribly. Letelier's legs were blown off and Moffitt drowned in her own blood, her carotid artery severed by shrapnel. In the long moments after the explosion, the third passenger in the car, Ronni's husband Michael, was seen wandering around shouting 'Dina, Dina'. The FBI agent assigned to the case, Carter Cornick, thought that Moffitt was calling out a girl's name.

For Michael Moffitt the guilt of DINA, the Chilean secret police, was obvious. It was already suspected that they had been responsible for the killing and wounding of prominent Chilean opponents in exile of President Pinochet's regime, and they were known to have been responsible for the death and disappearance of thousands of people inside Chile.

Initially, the FBI weren't so sure. They picked at the grief of Letelier's wife and associates by insisting on questioning them about his extra-marital affairs, and about the possibility that the murder might have been committed by the Chilean Left itself, looking for a martyr.

In the end, the FBI, the Justice Department, and finally even the State Department and the CIA faced the evidence that Letelier had been killed by the secret service of a friendly government, which depended on the United States for aid and arms, and which had been helped into power by the Nixon administration. Once this had been accepted, the investigation that followed showed much singlemindedness on the part of Carter Cornick and Eugene Propper, the Assistant US Attorney assigned to the case.

The first leads came through the Cuban exile community in Miami and New Jersey. Their links with Pinochet's Chile had always been close; many of them worshipped him as the man who had done to Allende what they would dearly love to do to Castro. It became clear that one of the Cuban exile groups had been involved in the killing, and there was talk of a mysterious blond Chilean who spoke Spanish with an American accent and who had organised the crime, built the bomb, and then left the detonation to the Cubans.

This mysterious blond Chilean was Michael Townley. His background was typical of fringe intelligence agents and mercenaries everywhere: a wandering early life, trailing behind a father who ended up as general manager of the Ford Motor Company's assembly plant in Santiago, Chile. He hated school, his father despised him, and he read too many spy novels. He married young, to Inés Callejas, eight years his senior, who brought with her a family for whom he had to take responsibility. With Michael she drifted into the extreme right-wing opposition to Allende, where Townley acquired some of the skills that were to serve him well as a DINA agent; the use of electronics and explosives, and where to get hold of the bits and pieces of hardware that you need to kill people.

After the coup in September 1973 he attached himself to DINA, founded by Colonel Manuel Contreras as a special security service answerable only to General Pinochet himself. He proved himself as an organiser of operations abroad, and in particular as a buyer of complex surveillance equipment. He and his wife, hired on a joint salary of \$600 a month, were given a large house in fashionable Lo Curro, on a hill overlooking Santiago.

According to his own testimony, in 1976 Townley was personally instructed by the Colonel in charge of DINA operations, Pedro Espinosa, to do away with Letelier. He and his fellow agent Armando Fernandez were told:

Do what you have to do: your orders are to eliminate him by whatever means. Fernandez and you are responsible for the actual assassination, let the Cubans help you if you need them.

So why Letelier? He had been, as Minister of Defence at the time of the coup, Pinochet's immediate superior. He had been imprisoned on Dawson Island in Chile's far South, and was only released, the authors of this book believe, through a personal act of what Pinochet saw as mercy. However Letelier showed none of the gratitude that the General expected. By the time of his assassination he had become an important link between the socialist and non-socialist exile opposition to the Junta, and particularly in Europe he was having some success in persuading governments to sever contacts with the Chilean Junta. He was personable, friendly, good company, and a tireless talker. So the decision was taken to kill him.

ACCORDING to the authors of this book — and this was also the conclusion of the BBC *Panorama* film 'Chile's Watergate' — the decision must have been taken by Colonel Contreras, the head of DINA. But if Contreras knew about it, what about Pinochet? They were very close, and often used to take breakfast together. In theory, DINA reported to the four members of the ruling Junta. In practice, Contreras went straight to Pinochet, particularly in the last months before DINA's dissolution, when Pinochet was never quite clear what some of the other members of the Junta were up to. By the time *Panorama* talked to her in May 1978 Townley's wife Inés, who knew her way around the DINA power structure, was certain that some higher authority had given Contreras the order to have Letelier killed. It is impossible to prove, and certainly Pinochet has always denied it. On a visit to Washington in September 1977, with the American press baying around him he said: 'I am a Christian, not an assassin. I swear that nobody in the Chilean government ever planned such a thing.'

The effects of the assassination of

Orlando Letelier have not been as great as they might have been. Inside Chile, the newspapers were able to take advantage of the confusion in the government, when the Americans were pressing for the expulsion of Townley, to publish hitherto unrecorded details of the activities of Contreras, the dismantling of DINA, and its replacement by the slightly less fearsome CNI, the Centro Nacional de Información. However, President Pinochet has survived the crisis, and with a rather friendlier incumbent in the White House he must feel that the affair has passed away without causing too much damage. To reinforce this feeling the Reagan administration has recently renewed the eco-

nomic and military aid cut off by Carter.

Assassination on Embassy Row presents a detailed and often racy account of this tragic affair. Both authors were closely involved with the events following Letelier's assassination, Landau as a friend of Letelier and Moffitt at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, and Dinges as the resident correspondent in Chile for *Time* Magazine and the *Washington Post*. They write with the sense of outrage shared by many others who have studied the case. Perhaps if he reads this book, President Pinochet will reflect that Orlando Letelier has caused him more embarrassment dead than he ever did alive. □

Brecht is dead of course, and this kind of thing certainly matters a lot less than it did when his work was only just becoming known in this country; what riled me in those days was that the first thing many quite intelligent and literate Englishpersons learned about Brecht was nothing to do with his writing or his theatre but the fact that he had an Austrian passport and a Swiss bank account. Now that Jan Needle and Peter Thomson can bring out a 235-page study based entirely on those of his works which are available in English, these and other domestic revelations no longer function as quite such a smutty smokescreen to hide the scale of his achievement. All the same, here are two newcomers to the well-trodden Brecht field once more taking issue with Esslin for his 'psychological' explanation of Brecht's Marxism (an 'Eastern' ideology, he now rather amazingly terms it), and accusing him of distorting the poet's private life to fit. Like their knowledge, their own admiration of Brecht is not unbounded, and their appreciation of the work is oddly patchy — *Antigone* and *Lucullus*

John Willett

Brecht to Bowie

Mediations: Essays on Brecht, Beckett, and the Media by MARTIN ESSLIN *Methuen* £8.95

Brecht by JAN NEEDLE & PETER THOMSON *Blackwell* £9

Linked by his 37 years' work for what is still the world's best broadcasting organisation — which puts him fairly and squarely in the centre of the third of his three topics — Martin Esslin's reprinted articles reach out to his two chosen critical fields: rightwards to the bleak black bogs where Samuel Beckett's characters (or bits of characters) lie mouthing and twitching, leftwards to the grey, earthy landscapes of Bertolt Brecht. Is he then about to mediate between these very different playwrights, or better still between them and the mass media which still hardly know how to use them? If so, we might get a very stimulating book. But in fact what Professor Esslin means by 'mediation' — and what makes it a slightly laboured title here — is, rather, the kind of inter-cultural liaison for which his own Austro-Hungarian-Anglo-American upbringing and experiences fit him. It certainly stands for an unusual breadth of knowledge and a non-nationalist (though always anti-communist) point of view. It does not, however, entail examining whether Beckett and Brecht can be brought under the same hat, or seeing if they have any common approach to the possibilities and limitations of their joint medium and any radical ways of extending it. There is one valuable first-hand account of Beckett's collaborations with the BBC. The remaining pieces fall outwards into three rather disparate heaps.

'What is needed more than anything else in the cultural impasse of our time', says the article on 'The Television Series', 'is a bridge between the world of crude folk art and that of cultural high art.' I agree entirely, and can only applaud when David Bowie sings the Brecht-Weill 'Alabama Song' (even if he does stupidly try to improve the words) or when the current issue of *Performance* magazine gives an acute but very fair account of the dinner-dance entertainment at the Talk of the Town from its own way-out point of view. So Esslin's submitting of the TV commercial to the canons of serious play construction is not just an amusing academic exercise but an illuminating analogy, based on the same practical sense as his rejection of the kind of West German media criticism that sees all broadcasting as a cunning attempt by our rulers to manipulate our thoughts. For he knows how haphazardly the

crucial decisions in this area are often made, and how many anti-establishment influences are at work within an apparently monolithic establishment like the BBC. He accordingly interprets the bias of the media in an open society like ours as being 'self-correcting', in that ultimately it gets decided by what the public wants, or is thought to want. The trouble with this, however, is that those who do the thinking in such cases sometimes believe they know the answers already, while market research, however seemingly 'scientific', is always in effect fighting the last war but one. Public taste, he feels, gets underestimated, because there can be 'no demand for something which is not as yet known'.

The essays on Beckett are much less down-to-earth, and it is only when we hear what Esslin calls 'the voice of Samuel Beckett himself' that they become at all convincing to the unconverted: the voice, that is, which can be heard in his poems and also (though this is not discussed here) in his early art criticism. Otherwise the high claims made and the great existential thoughts (like 'nothing is more real than nothing') come close to caricature, as when Esslin dismisses the suggested symbolism of the letter M (in Malone, Murphy etc.) as standing for 'Man', with a severe 'This is to underestimate the subtlety and complexity of Beckett's mind'. Why? — because M is the Greek sigma, for Sam, on its side, or can be stood on its head to make W for Watt. Much the most entertaining to read of this second heap is the swingeing review of Deirdre Bair's Beckett biography of three years ago: whether it is entirely fair is another matter, and the author admits that he reprints it only as an antidote to that widely read book.

But does his left (or Brecht) hand know what his Beckett hand is doing? It would be boring to pick nits, particularly since so many of them have been picked before by Brechtophiles who object to the standards which Esslin applies when in his polemical or *Encounter* mood. Moreover the opening essay of the Brecht section is a badly needed tribute to Max Reinhardt, about whom the younger generation today know far too little, while the review of the Eyre Methuen edition of Brecht's *Poems* is enthusiastic enough — well, enough to make an editor blush. But it really is rather startling to find Mrs Bair being taken so weightily to task for ignoring Beckett's 'extreme aversion' to any investigation of his private life, and brashly going ahead with her 'most vulgar novelistic probings' of his marriage, love life and family relationships. For Esslin himself has never displayed any such inhibitions about Brecht: as we can see once again from his remarks about the poet's wife and his mistress Ruth Berlau in his *Encounter* review of Klaus Völker's quite equally gossipy biography.

Yevgeni Vinokurov

The tenant opposite

Some people's eyes are well concealed behind their glasses.

They confess the multiplication tables!
They trace the curve of a bird's song.
They try to measure the length of a circumference with a ruler.
Give them the chance they would nail time to space.

There's this fellow lives in the apartment opposite.
Every morning from my window I see him come out. His hat with its flaps is perpendicular to his straight figure. And the creases of iron in his trousers are parallel. They never meet.
The hand he does not use to carry his bag sways like the pendulum of the clock on his chest-of-drawers.
Once he stopped me: we were eyeball to eyeball, and he gripped me by the only button on my jacket, hanging by a thread.

He grumbled.
I held behind my back the beer I'd bought to drink with friends, and shuffled about.

He grumbled.
Somewhere! Something!
Nothing to say! Disgraceful!
He'll write a letter of complaint!
I looked into his eyes: they were miles away.

I had a nightmare:
I saw my neighbour in his braces and slippers clamber on a chair, his face is purple from the strain, he holds some nails between his teeth. Their heads gleam. He has a hammer in his hand. His wife does up with one hand her dressing-gown and grips the chair-leg with the other. My neighbour swings. I hear the bangs. The crashes smash into my face: my neighbour's nailing time to space!
trans. from the Russian by Anthony Rudolf

for instance being dismissed in one line while *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* gets an unqualified rave — but they write with enjoyment and a welcome awareness of how the plays come across in performance. It is interesting to see how much can now be taken for granted, as Brecht (passport, sex life and all) sinks further into the fabric of our educational system. We forget about the translation process and treat him, like Beckett, as part of Eng. lit. □

FICTION

Alan Hollinghurst

Opening eyes

The Country by DAVID PLANTE *Gollancz* £6.95
Other People: A Mystery Story by MARTIN AMIS
Cape £5.95

What can make us see the world afresh? How to expose our tenuous hold upon everything we consider most familiar? What is it, latent in ordinary experience and mundane routine, that holds the potential for a new vision, comic or tragic, of the way we live? In David Plante's profound new novel these matters are examined under the exacting conditions of an austere and at times expressionless style; they embrace the widest implications of the familiar: that which is taken for granted, that which used to be so, that which concerns the family.

The subject of the family, which has fascinated Plante before, is here focused by the death of the narrator's father. In the first part of the novel David Francoeur travels back from his long-established literary life in London to visit his aged parents in Rhode Island; his six brothers also reassemble at intervals back where they started from. On the journey back the objective physicality of things that had been forgotten or engrossed in memory makes them 'stand out from themselves': 'The houses appeared to be houses within houses, appeared to me familiar houses within unfamiliar ones.' This recognition of mundanity irradiated by memory and imagination extends to the whole human fabric of the story as well. The parents, who are unflinchingly physically evoked, prompt questions the narrator has never before asked.

In one sense *The Country* is Hartley's 'foreign country': the past, where they do things differently. After 20 years away David finds 'the country seems strange to me'; he wonders what he is doing in his parents' house. He is a writer, and his task is to investigate this strangeness, the remoteness and the relevance of the past. In this case the search takes him back into a tribal ancestry; his is a family of mixed French and Red Indian blood; where has he come from and what language did his forebears speak and think in? What do his family feel and think now? This is a novelist's question, and in keeping with the many-layered but unobtrusive symbolism of the book it is one put to David by his father, and in French:

'What makes writing difficult?' I had to think the sentence out in French before I said, 'To write, not about what I feel and think, but what someone else does.'

At one level the novel does carefully avoid such speculation: its unadorned reporting of conversation and behaviour itself exposes the narrowness of ordinary life, the banal rhetoric of

gestures and words available to the characters. The emotional nature of the circumstances intensifies this, as the family reassembles for the wake and runs through its stock of greetings, tears and clumsy embraces. Yet even as this inadequacy and inarticulacy are registered they are transcended by an intense poignancy and humanity: the feelings and thoughts of others make themselves imagined.

At another level Plante dramatises his authorial relationship to his characters (and his narrator's as well) by setting the central section of the book back in time at a house in the country where he plays little part in the complex family dance that is performed. Although this section is written in the first person he is virtually an absentee narrator: he describes scenes to which he was not privy, and emphasises his non-participation. In contrast to this the outer sections show how the creative act is brought about by the awakening of interest in things which had been disregarded but within his reach all the time. The discovery of the intrinsic interest of ordinary things is accompanied by the revelation of the extent to which he is interested, involved, complicit in them: the novel's fastidious realism flowers into a complex analysis of the creative sensibility.

ONE HAS heard a certain amount about the familiar being rendered strange by a different process: that of so-called Martian poetry. In *Other People* Martin Amis brings back the technique to the novel from which it in part sprang — in Dickens's vivid reification — and where it perhaps more properly belongs. But this novel acknowledges the technique's exile in the country of short lines: there is even a description of a grocer at work, 'the jerking, centipedic apparatus that dealt him money,' and so on. Amis's device for isolating and poeticising the familiar is to make his protagonist an amnesiac: recovering consciousness after a critical 'event', Amy has lost her habitual associations with the ordinary and sees it as pregnant with a coded and ambiguous power. Human action appears 'ulterior, having a great and desperate purpose which firmly excluded her' — and one of the mysteries which the book unfolds is her re-initiation into adult life. The influence of Dickens is again felt in the protec-

tion of the girl in a stunned, unnatural innocence amid circumstances of depravity and violence which she does not understand.

The Martian technique can turn on its user: it celebrates the phenomenal suggestiveness of things, but bring it to play on a human subject and the wit of the writer can seem to be achieved at the expense of the human subject's witlessness. This suits Amis fine — but it does give rise to certain questions about knowledge: like Virginia Woolf, Amis elides authorial free-ranging intelligence with the restricted reactions of the protagonist, and it is often hard to see where one becomes the other. Would an amnesiac think of cars as 'daredevil roadsters' or invent the elaborately overwritten descriptions of the sky, aeroplanes, the night, which recur through the book? The question is not really a censure, for it leads to a central issue of the novel: the identity and purpose of the narrator. The careful reader will soon pick up hints, and many aspects of the story have been ingeniously arranged. The innocent ear notes the portentousness behind clichés, and admits of a comic extravagance playing on serious issues:

She read *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, *A Temporary Life*, *The Life to Come* and *Other Stories*, *Life Studies*, *A Sort of Life* and *If Life's a Bowl of Cherries*, *What Am I Doing in the Pits*?

This could go on for ever, and a lot of the time the peculiar relation of Amy to Life seems used as a cover to produce comic or strange effects which do little to further the story, just as Amy herself shows curiously little interest in her life before she lost her memory. Of course the comedy, expectedly centred on 'the act of pain or sadness', sex, is often hilarious — especially in the character of Russ who works with Amy at a café and acts out fantasies of being molested by film-stars: 'Leave it out, Sophia . . . Aah! Raquel! Will you — Get off my — bloody — ?'

Amis showed in *Success* how he can manipulate and ironise the individual and self-protecting comedies of life into a picture of experience charged with pain and fear. But in *Other People* the manipulation finally seems over-ambitious, and something appears to have gone wrong in the later part of the book: the whole thing becomes factitious, obscure, unsatisfactory. It remains more of a 'Mystery Story' than, one suspects, was intended. □

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Steve Wadhams reports on a new kind of radio documentary

Sound ideas from Canada

OVER THE last few years, Canadian radio documentary style has seen revolutionary change. Paradoxically, the key to the change has been the adoption of ideas from television. The new approach to radio current affairs is essentially 'television without the pictures', taking radio outside the confines of the studio and into the field, with location 'shooting' of sound and interviews. Thus the vehicle of change has been dubbed the 'field documentary'. It was pioneered by the CBC weekend programme *Sunday Morning* and is now being imitated (where budgets allow) by many local current affairs shows in Canada. The public relishes the idea of being 'taken to the action' and in the four years *Sunday Morning* has been on the air it has tripled the audience gained by its predecessors.

A traditional radio current affairs documentary is a pretty drab affair. The producer basically constructs an illustrated talk. He interviews his subjects, usually in their offices or in a studio, isolates their best quotes on tape, and then weaves his script around them. It's cerebral and one dimensional. The line of argument is often tightly condensed and, for the listener, hard to follow, even with the most clearly thought out programmes. The 'field documentary' offers the listener far more excitement. A good 'field documentary' is a compelling blend of atmosphere and analysis.

Let's take as an example a programme on Zimbabwe made during the elections. Acknowledging a debt not only to television but also to radio drama, the producer of a 'field documentary' would approach his subject looking for telling scenes, which would convey atmosphere and information together. One obvious scene would be a guerrilla assembly point. The assembly point provides rich material for the 'field documentary'; the click of the rifle bolt, the barked commands of an officer; the rhythmic sounds of soldiers drilling, war songs and interviews with the guerrilla fighters. As the television reporter looks for 'the picture that tells a thousand words', so the radio 'field producer' hunts for the equivalent sounds. His location scene might begin with a short adlibbed introduction while riding into the camp on the back of a landrover, cut to the sound of a rifle bolt, and cut again to the guerrilla leader's first words of welcome or warning, and so on. The script and background sound are married as picture and sound are in television. The assembly point is 'photographed' in sound.

Now consider a second radio reporter riding in on that landrover. This man belongs to the 'old school'. For him extraneous sound is a nuisance. He likes his interviews 'clean'. So he talks to the guerrillas, he talks to the British soldiers overseeing the camp and rides away contented. But the audience won't be so happy. Behind the interviews they've heard sounds which have caught their ear, tantalised them. The reporter has described the camp, but something is missing — atmosphere, a sense of place, the tension. The reporter has, at great expense, flown all the way to Zimbabwe, driven miles into the bush, and then failed to convey a true picture of the scene to his listeners.

By constructing a series of well-linked scenes, the producer of the 'field documentary' hopes to present a full picture of his subject. Longer interviews are not excluded, but they too are made into scenes. A piece on Zimbabwe might end with an interview with Robert Mugabe. But the reporter still sets the scene; he describes Mugabe's house, the security guards surrounding it, mentions (and hopefully records) the blaring car horns of the white drivers who resent Mugabe's presence in their leafy suburb. So, when the listener hears Mugabe's words, he is in a good position to understand how Mugabe feels as he's uttering them.

ONCE the producer begins to think scenes and think sounds, the opportunities are endless. Take the acoustics of a room for example. Traditional radio reporting ignores them completely. The producer of a field documentary is delighted if a scene can be enhanced and made memorable by the sound of space. In 1979 I toured Idi Amin's infamous State Research Bureau in Kampala. With me was the Reverend Lukwiya, who had been held there for three months, and then, miraculously, released. We talked as we walked through the torture rooms and his descriptions of the horrors he had seen were harrowing enough, but for the listener the most terrifying and evocative section of the visit was the descent into the dungeon; only in a radio documentary based on location and sound, could the potential of this scene be exploited.

Sound of footsteps descending . . . developing an echo

Wadhams: We're descending some stairs into a very dark area . . .

Rev. Lukwiya: The smell is so bad it makes me sick.

Wadhams: It's very dark, we have a small torch, come on through and be careful where you tread. Do you think they have all the bodies out now?

Rev. Lukwiya: I think all the bodies are out now, because as you can see with the torch . . . there is nothing now.

Voices have now sunk to whispers. There is the sound of water dripping. In the darkness Wadhams kicks an old tin can. It rattles eerily.

Wadhams: What's on the floor? Let's have a look.

Rev. Lukwiya: Pieces of shoes, and I think they broke this door. This was where killing was done.

Wadhams: Just look at this; people were killed in this room up to how long ago?

Rev. Lukwiya: Well, up to when I was released they were being killed, about two weeks ago, since the Tanzanians came. . . .

A good 'field documentary' producer combines his knowledge of the story with a sharpened ear for the dramatic potential of sound. The whole location idea may be stolen from television, but radio can beat TV at its own game. The lone radio reporter is infinitely more flexible than a three-man TV crew. Radio budgets are like television's petty cash, and thus the 'field producer' can experiment more and take bigger risks. And 'television without the pictures' can record even in the darkness of Idi Amin's dungeon slaughterhouse.

It's taken a while to develop the 'field documentary' and to establish ground rules for the balance between sound and speech, between information and atmosphere, and the rules are never hard and fast. Over the years we've fallen

into many traps. At first we went overboard with sound, exaggerating location and swamping our somewhat suspicious listeners with noise. Now, although we always try to exploit location wherever possible, we don't make a fetish of it. *Sunday Morning* also brings its listeners straight reports, studio interviews and discussions. But the prominence of 'field documentaries' gives the programme, which runs three hours, its distinctive sound, and, I'm sure, it's audience appeal.

And yet the 'field documentary' remains a Canadian phenomenon. The BBC, National Public Radio in Washington, and many other broadcasting organisations have taken long hard looks (and copies of the programmes) and made admiring noises, but so far only the CBC has fully embraced the new style. Why is this? Well, one factor must be cost. The 'field documentary' is not cheap. The producer has to travel to achieve location. And piecing together often complicated sound portraits is time consuming for the producer and the technician. But above all, CBC current affairs programming has been lucky in having managers willing to take a risk. With the 'field documentary' the gamble has paid off handsomely. When will other radio networks take the plunge? □

MUSIC

Andrew Clements

Making too much of technique

Modern Music: The Avant Garde since 1945
by PAUL GRIFFITHS *Dent* £15

A comprehensive survey of music since the second world war is badly needed and Paul Griffiths's study goes at least part of the way towards it. To present a complete picture of the musical developments of the past 30 years in 300 pages, crystallising out trends and influences as well as providing the essential technical background, would be practically impossible: music has diverged in so many ways and evolved such a wealth of compositional systems that a neat historical package must await a longer perspective. Griffiths leaves more threads dangling than perhaps he should. The first part of the book is a cogent presentation of the developments through the 1950s; but the second half, where he attempts to disentangle the proliferation of styles in the 1960s and '70s, is less convincing.

At the core of *Modern Music* is serialism. Griffiths places total serialism as the driving force of post-war music:

It is arguable, indeed, that the revolution initiated by such works as Stockhausen's *Kreuzspiel* and Boulez's first book of *Structures* represented a more complete shift in musical history even than the great tide of change of the years just before World War I, for never before had composers concerned themselves so assiduously with matters of organization and construction, never before had they required their listeners to attend to separate processes unfolding in terms of pitch, rhythm and other qualities at the same time.

But sometimes this preoccupation seems to overpower the discussion, to force analysis into prescribed channels. The power of that tota

serial 'revolution' cannot be denied; it carried in its vanguard the most significant composers of the post-war generation — Boulez, Stockhausen, Nono, Barraqué — and in its rejection of almost all accepted traditions encouraged a radical re-evaluation of musical materials.

But, confining himself to a strictly serial worldview as Griffiths does for at least the first 150 pages of his study, leaves a number of significant and not at all conservative composers scattered along its periphery. The American experimental tradition, stemming from John Cage, is discussed in parallel with the chronology of European music, but most of the time, one feels, its treatment is slanted towards the time when Cage's influence will begin to loosen up the constraints of serialism, to open out structure and eventually to bring indeterminacy into even the smallest-scale musical event. The American serialists and Milton Babbitt in particular are dealt with more generously than is usual in books on contemporary music; and rightly since many of Babbitt's innovations preceded similar developments among his European contemporaries.

Yet this preoccupation with technical means in at least the first half of the book tends to obscure critical appraisal of the ends to which the mechanical processes were put, and something of this spills over into the wider ranging descriptions of more recent developments. I'm not sure what kind of picture of contemporary music uninformed readers would gain from reading this survey, despite the comprehensive repertory lists Griffiths gives at the end of each chapter and the encyclopedic range of some of the discussions. Would they necessarily equate influence with artistic stature: would they take Stockhausen to be the most significant composer of the period just on the basis of what Griffiths tells them, and how would they sort the wheat from the chaff among the younger American figures? How could they guess that in some parts of Europe at least Xenakis is rated very highly indeed, and merits more space than he was given here, certainly when the claims of a number of shady characters included do not bear the closest scrutiny? Might they not wonder how Elliott Carter fits into this picture of contemporary music (he receives a single, passing mention), and how Eastern block composers have absorbed and adapted its innovations?

The subtitle of *Modern Music* offers some kind of explanation. Griffiths is concerned with the post-war avant garde, but it is an avant garde whose personalities have been fixed since the earliest days; for all the inclusion of Maxwell Davies and Birtwistle, Ligeti and Henze, Globokar and Holliger, the leading roles are taken by Stockhausen, Boulez, Pousseur, Berio and (to a lesser extent) Nono, Kagel and Barraqué. Had the discussion been limited to these figures there would have been space enough to give them the detailed treatment that's urgently required; as it is, the attempt at inclusiveness is

Among this week's contributors:

C. S. L. DAVIES is a history tutor at Wadham College, Oxford, and author of *Peace, Print and Protestantism 1450-1558* (Paladin History of England).

ANDREW CLAYTON is a BBC television producer who worked on *Panorama's* film about the assassination of Orlando Letelier.

JOHN WILLETT's books include *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht*: he has edited *Brecht on Theatre* and other selections of Brecht's work and recently made a new translation of Brecht's *Galileo*.

predictably unsuccessful and leads to partial and sometimes unsympathetic treatment. Recommended, all the same; for no other book gives such a convenient account of the subject. A thoroughgoing, definitive study, however, is still required. □

TELEVISION

Julian Barnes

Underestimating the audience

THE MOST arresting sidelight on television's version of reality this week came from Richard Broad on *Did You See?* (BBC-2). Producer and co-author of *The Troubles*, Broad spent several weeks researching in film and TV archives for 'calm shots' of Belfast: market scenes, clips of ordinary life unfolding regardless of political and military happenings. He couldn't find any; not a single frame. What he found instead was the sad television truth that Northern Ireland means trouble and violence, and that if cameras are sent over there, then this is what they will bring back. The early archive footage, of Carson rallies and such, was highly selective, because of the weight of equipment and the weight of political pressure. Today, with lighter cameras and less toadying reporters, this coarser selectivity has diminished, but an instinctive and damaging bias remains — the bias towards violence.

Useful points like this were occasionally raised during *Did You See?*, which creditably devoted an hour and a half to Broad's *The Troubles* and Kee's *Ireland*; but they were no sooner raised than doused. Perhaps it was a response to the centuries of injustice in the land under discussion that made Ludovic Kennedy chair the programme with such ponderous and destructive fair-mindedness. Half the show was given over to a jerky recapitulation of the *Ireland* series (though if anyone had missed it, I can't see them going to *DYS* to catch up); all discussion was neutered by being passed through the chair; and all attacks — usually on Robert Kee, who smiled his way through quite a pasting from three different historians — had to be seen to be replied to. Three reined-in politicians and three keyed-up historians (arranged like two teams in *Ask the Family*), plus Ludo, Kee and Broad: the cast was hopelessly overpopulated, doubtless for that best and most anaesthetising of motives, balance.

And there weren't just the nine of them. Someone inexplicably thought it a good idea to have Glyn Worsnip pop up occasionally and show some idiotic graphs; with these he excitedly proved that viewers examined before and then after the transmission of an episode of *Ireland* displayed increased historical knowledge as a direct result of the programme. Worsnip also read out postcards from Irrigated Saxmundham and the like. I have nothing in particular against this velveteen ex-musketeer of Esther's; but his jaunty presence indelibly emphasised how much better (and more simply) time could have been spent. Kee, rebuked at one point for the needless attention-seeking of his series, claimed, 'It has to be a form of entertainment'; to which a historian replied, 'Surely that's underestimating the intelligence of your viewers.' *Did You See?* in its turn, was

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Edited by G. Renshaw, with preface by Francis Blanchard

The current trend towards protectionism in the countries of the North is threatening the benefits that might be expected to result from the two-way flow of trade in manufactured goods between North and South. This study looks at this and other problems and the responses being made to them by four countries of the North (France, Germany, Netherlands and U.K.) in four industrialised sectors: textiles and clothing, leather and footwear, motor cars and machine tools.

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Edited by A. Bhalla. Foreword by A. Sen

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so painfully tentative about the attention span of its audience that one wondered if there has been a recent blizzard of ratings memos down at BBC-2.

World in Action (Granada) brought us a splendid new comedy duo this week. Sarah Hogg of the *Economist* and Hugh Stephenson of *The Times* played Thatcher and Howe in a journalists' dramatisation of everyday life among cabinet folk plodding the road towards whatever half a U-turn is (an L-turn perhaps). Sarah Hogg crafted a marvellous line in doctrinaire pedantry; Stephenson matched his wriggling sixth-former to her tight-corseted headmistress. And like all good comedy pairings, it drew on psychological truth: here, an essential sado-masochism in the relationship. While the Hogg-Thatcher dominatrix was

equally severe to other colleagues — 'Keith, we all sympathise with the *phil-o-so-phic* problem you have' — Howe is the one whom the flicked wet towel excites. There were fine supporting performances — Peregrine Worsthorne's flapping Whitelaw; Simon Jenkins's odiously abrasive Heseltine — but the central duo demanded unwavering attention. One can already see the *TV Times* billing: 'The couple who put the politics into sexual politics.'

The comic duo on *Holiday* (BBC-1) were Frank and Nesta Bough. Nesta is the one who doesn't say anything; Frank the one who bitches about the price of foreign beer. This week they were in Venice. Nothing to be too snobbish about here, of course, even if the reverse fantasy — having Lord Clark whispering the half-time scores on *Grandstand* — might well make

the front page of the tabloids.

'Venice is a city in which no cliché should be left unturned,' Frank worryingly proposed; and in ten minutes he duly managed to unpack a whole freezerful of turkeys, beginning with the insight that 'The car is absolutely useless in a city like this.' He then spotted that Venice was in 'a state of decay that is painful' and ticked off the locals for failing to give the place 'a good rub-down'. As Frank and Nesta lolled concludingly in a gondola, a tempting proposal floated into the mind: what about a special travel programme which despatched on long winter breaks all sports commentators who excite our more flimsy loyalties? Wouldn't that be a cool idea? My go first: Gareth Edwards to Alaska. And quickly, too, before the England-France showdown at Twickenham next week. □

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Nervous laughter

Goose-Pimples devised by MIKE LEIGH *Hampstead*

Snap by NIGEL GEARING *New End*

After they've spent some days thinking, feeling, talking and otherwise improvising their way into their parts, Mike Leigh commonly sets his actors and actresses a test. They have to go out 'in character' and buy themselves cigarettes or a paper. This must create some odd scenes in whatever tobacconist's happens to be nearest to the rehearsal rooms; but none, I suspect, stranger than when *Goose Pimples* began to come off Mr Leigh's production line.

Imagine the faces behind the counter as Jim Broadbent shimmies greasily in in his tracksuit, and launches into an adenoidal conversation about the Mini Metro with Paul Jesson, who scratches the remoter parts of his anatomy, judders all over with unseemly laughter, then starts feverishly playing what at school we called pocket billiards. Then Jill Baker teeters in, talking prissily through her nose, followed by a mincing Marion Bailey, who proceeds to ask for 'Irfta Oights' in a snobby-slummy accent, itself the result of some unnatural coupling between Penge and the North Circular Road. Finally, in ambles a grave, brownish gentleman, who clicks and mutters a lot, occasionally sighing 'OK, OK' in apparent recognition of his almost complete incomprehensibility. It is Antony Sher, being a Saudi Arabian and leaving (one imagines) the shop staff somewhere the far side of surprise. If Beryl Reid were to enter dressed as Fumanchu, and to order a packet of Winston's in a bleating amalgam of Manchester and Malaysia, they'd simply shrug and hand the stuff over.

In spite of its reputation for reality, improvised drama has a way of veering towards caricature, and sometimes rather patronising caricature: the result, no doubt, of actors delving from the outside into petit-bourgeois characters they manifestly dislike and conceivably despise. And, true to its reputation for reality, it tends to contain longueurs, and sometimes punishing longueurs. That Mr Leigh's tale of London car-dealers and their women succumbs to the first danger should be evident from the preceding para. It doesn't altogether avoid the second, either, especially during the prolonged

verbal fumbblings between Ms Bailey, who thinks she has caught a human oil-well, and Mr Sher, who mistakes her home for a brothel. Yet this is hardly an adequate account of a play that entertainingly, and often more than entertainingly, expatiates on the moral concerns apparent in *Abigail's Party*, *Ecstasy* and several other of Mr Leigh's sombre frolics. His people's need to consume, and preferably consume conspicuously, itself verges on the consumptive. They spend their lives gobbling away at food, booze, three-piece suites, fake-tigerskin wallpaper, music centres, and each other; and, unsurprisingly, they are never really satisfied, even when they believe they are. Perhaps the most characteristic sound of *Goose-Pimples* — coming in staccato honks from Mr Broadbent and in demented rattles from Mr Jesson — is that of failed laughter, usually exchanged over a peculiarly hideous living-room bar, usually in response to some turgid sexual innuendo.

Our own laughter is, however, anything but empty. Indeed, it becomes progressively more nervous and troubled as the evening darkens and deepens. Mr Leigh is, as far as I know, the first playwright of any ilk who has noticed that the xenophobia his fellow-Londoners once directed at the Germans, and later at West Indians and Pakistanis, is now concentrated in envy and incomprehension upon the invading Arabs. Accordingly, it is a scene of gathering ugliness that follows the return of Baker, Broadbent and Jesson from lugubriously partying in Wembley, to find themselves inarticulately cast by Sher in the roles of prostitute and procurers. He is fleeced, teased, called 'sambo' and 'gollywog', surreptitiously fed more and more alcohol, reduced to bewildered tears, mocked for unmanliness, and finally left for something akin to dead beneath the imitation-leather settee. By the time Mr Broadbent oils imperviously off to his bedroom, and Ms Baker mopes self-pityingly after him, all memories of boredom and thoughts of caricature have been successfully exorcised. This ends as punchy and persuasive a piece as Mr Leigh has yet concocted.

Snap is neither of those things. Much of the time it struck me as a textbook demo of how not to do documentary drama. Apparently mistrusting the innate power-to-grab of its subject — a pioneering photographer able to see everything except what was festering just beneath his nose — the author decorates and embellishes with facetious quips, Chandler pastiche, wild-west parody, gratuitous music, and much sententious musing; and the result is often distracting, confusing, and frankly exasperating. Oliver Ford Davies, harrumphing fanatically

over his magic box, is the driven Muybridge, né Muggeridge; Jonathan Burn the urbane model who seduces his neglected wife, gets him an heir, and is shot in reprisal somewhere north of San Francisco. Roland Rees's production does some clever and striking things with light, but could and should have shed more on the central story itself. □

Christopher Reid

The inspector

Ah, the baroque sexuality
of our public-garden sculpture!
The old king sits on his high-buttocked
horse,

a cupid tumbles a dolphin
at the very brink of a fountain
and something has nibbled Pomona's nose.

The profligacy of autumn
has advanced too far to be halted now,
and yet an obstinate boatman
still punts the wrong way through dry leaves,
cussed, slow, methodical,
like Charon transporting his phantom dead.

These conker-caskets, ransacked,
sink beneath waves of leaves —
a treasury of untold regrets.
But don't stoop; one simply lets them go
with yesterday's smutted papers
and that sky of sliding clouds.

Our people like to have things orderly:
thus, the man who whacks his thigh
to recall a vanishing terrier,
that skips away like his own renegade,
Gogolian moustache.
Will he ever teach his new dog the old
tricks?

In this playground of impromptu
metaphors,
a fierce eremite, attentive
to the baragouin of ducks,
tosses them manna of sliced bread,
as though he were the only god
to a tribe of rancorous dodgem-drivers.

I recommend that we fix
some centre to cosmos and chaos.
A bulldozer to these romping stones!
Imagine a high-toned statuary
of minimal symbolic clutter,
with its fine proportions and right lines.

Weekend competition

No 2659

Set by Toby Jugge

This year is the centenary of P.G. Wodehouse's birth; next year it's James Joyce's turn. Let's combine the two celebrations with an extract from a P.G.W. story written by J.J. or, if you prefer, vice versa. Up to 120 words by 27 March.

No 2656

Set by E.O. Parrott

Television ads for modern writers.

Report

By PC 49

Following last week's Arthur Marshall comp there was, I regret to say, a small outbreak of rioting in the Complex, instigated by a Mr 'Fat' Jeff. While he is in the cooler, reconsidering his ways, I have resumed my career as comp arbiter; and I must say that, although I am not conversant with all the authors mentioned, the standard seemed to comply with Judges' Rules. Catchy slogans ('Get The Hobbit Habbit' — M. K. Cheeseman; 'Reader Pinter Player Day' — Janet Mearns and Sandy Guthrie) and general good conduct earned eight pounds for those printed below.

(Dvorak music, and scenery from Hovis ad.)

Voice over: I remember when I were but a lad, there were nowt for an educated Yorkshireman like me to read. I used to complain to t'bookseller that if he sold a book I could get my teeth into, I wouldn't have to swim across t'lake to t'store so often. One day, he came up with t'goods, a novel by J. B. Priestley. 'Keep quiet, mind, or everyone will want one,' he said.

JANET MEARNS & SANDY GUTHRIE

(Betjeman writing in idyllic cottage garden.)

Voice over: Mr Betjeman writes such exceedingly good poems, so full of so many of the good things that make up our great English heritage . . . (Shots of Betjeman writing at Cowes, Henley, etc.) . . . that General Augustus Peasegood-Smythe isn't at all sure they aren't even better than those of Mr Kipling . . .

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NICHOLAS MURRAY

(Tired, drawn housewife scrubs floor. Enter smiling, healthy husband. He kisses her energetically, but she pushes him away with soap-sudded hand. He falls to floor, annoyed.)

Husband: Honestly, I don't know what's the matter

with you these days! (He stomps out, slamming door.)

Wife (worried): I don't either. I just can't seem to connect the prose and the passion.

Soothing, dependable voice: Don't worry. Try a little E. M. Forster. He'll help you to connect in all sorts of ways you never even dreamed of.

(Wife scrubs floor with one hand and reads 'Howards End and What He Did With It', held in the other. Enter husband, who kisses her. She drops book and responds. Later . . .)

Wife (dishevelled, smiling conspiratorially): Ooh! That E. M. Forster! He certainly warmed up my Passage to India!

Soothing, dependable voice: Wouldn't you rather be forstering?

JIM YORKE



Tony Miles

Chess

No 221

Decisive game in play-off

Last year's British Championship resulted in a tie between John Nunn and Bill Hartston, thus necessitating a play-off match to decide the title. The match was to be over six games and in the event that it was drawn the title would go to Nunn due to his superior sum of opponents' scores from the championship. Probably the match would have been more interesting if this had not been the case. Currently Nunn is much the stronger player and in fact had not lost in his previous fifty games! That he had only to avoid defeat meant that he could play quietly and solidly without taking chances.

The first three games were drawn but in the fourth Hartston, trying to stir up complications in a slightly inferior position, went astray and lost. In the fifth Nunn was a pawn ahead for negligible compensation when his opponent offered the draw which conceded the title. The last game was also drawn, in light-hearted manner, leaving Nunn the victor 3½-2½.

The decisive fourth game:—

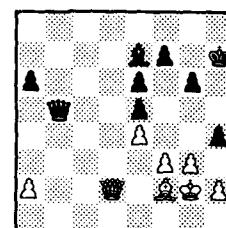
White: J.D.M. Nunn Black: W.R. Hartston

1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-K3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, N-QB3; 5.N-QB3, P-QR3; 6.B-K2, KN-K2; 7.B-KB4, N-N3; 8.NxN, NPxN; 9.B-Q6, BxB; 10.QxB, Q-K2; 11.O-O-O, QxQ; 12.RxQ, K-K2. Theory considers this position to be about equal but I would certainly prefer the white side. 13.KR-Q1, N-B5; 14.B-B3, R-R2. If 14. . . N-Q4; 15.PxN, KxR;

16.PxBPch, but now this is a threat. 15.R(6)-Q2, P-N4!? 16.P-KN3, N-N3; 17.B-R5, P-Q4; 18.R-K1, K-B3; 19.P-B4. Sparking off a fascinating tactical mêlée which Black should survive though he is always hampered by the poor co-ordination of his pieces. 19. . . PxP; 20.PxP, R-Q1. On 20. . . NxP; 21.R-B2, K-N4; 22.R-Nch, KxB; 23.RxN is unpleasant. 21.P-B5, N-B5; 22.P-K5ch, KxP. One intriguing possibility is 22. . . K-N4; 23.N-K4ch!? KxB; 24.N-B6ch, K-N4; 25.R-B2 with a terrific attack. 23.R-B2, P-B3; 24.PxP, P-K4; 25.N-K2, KxP; 26.NxN, PxN; 27.P-KR4, K-N2? 27. . . K-B4; 28.R(1)-B1, K-K4 would give good drawing chances. Now White recoups his material with an overwhelming position. 28.RxP, P-B4; 29.B-K8, R-Q3. Else R-Nch mates. 30.P-N3, R-QB2; 31.R-K5, P-B5; 32.R-N5ch, K-R3; 33.R-B8. The threat is R(8)-N8 and R-R5mate. Black has no real defence. . . . BPxP; 34.PxP, B-Q2 35.R-R5ch, K-N2; 36.R-B7ch, K-N1; 37.R-N5ch. Resigns.

Problem 221

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 25 March.

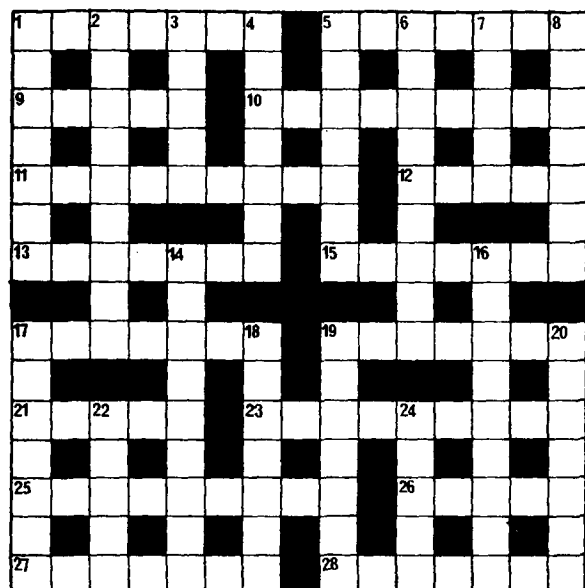


Solution to problem 219

1. . . K-R2!! tucking the king out of harm's way and threatening . . . BxN followed by . . . BxBch. Now if 2.BxB, N-K7ch; 3.K-R1, N-N6ch; 4.K-N1, QxBmate or 2.Q-K4, BxN; 3.B(K3)xN, N-K7ch; 4.K-R1, BxPch! 5.KxB, Q-K5ch mating.

Weekend Crossword 1376

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1376, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 24 March.



ACROSS

- 1 'I must sugar my hair', he declared (7)
- 5 Only a hard surface provides fair play (7)
- 9 Just when love loses its head (5)
- 10 Lies about in untidy bed after morning in town (9)
- 11 Redesign our Dorset badge (5,4)
- 12 Language used in translating (5)
- 13 Thus the evil one returns in music (7)
- 15 Politician for whom no tears are shed (7)
- 17 In front of wise men a girl makes faces (7)
- 19 If I were carried by the wind it would be a case of injustice (7)
- 21 Unrecorded since a historian left us out (5)
- 23 The recreation of the senile — being an MP (9)
- 25 The moon is seen vaguely in the distance and it tells the time (9)
- 26 Man swallowed by animal for a drink (5)
- 27 The south of an Italian city is threadbare (7)

- 28 Hurt in seeing a rascal dedicated to crime (7)

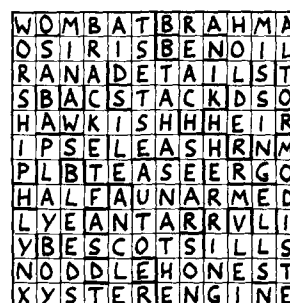
DOWN

- 1 Ophelia's brother returns to television, live (7)
- 2 Castle where arrivals are second-class? (9)
- 3 A heartless coach would upset the pack (5)
- 4 Causes are spoilt by the young (7)
- 5 Bring prosperity to a crossing-sweeper when out of work (7)
- 6 Ways of writing taught in a period in school (9)
- 7 I make a point about one being a fool (5)
- 8 Queen who is the one Lear ill-treated (7)
- 14 Right poet translated but a difficult line (9)
- 16 No longer bright I dropped beside a lake (9)
- 17 There's something in the food and you'll get it before morning in the wine too (7)
- 18 Places of instruction for groups of swimmers (7)
- 19 I think it makes me observe writing (7)

- 20 Where wind blows there is a tiny rise in fat (7)
- 22 Copper animal prepared for sale by butcher (3,2)
- 24 Balance the book in foreign currency (5)

SET SQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 39



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Our Citizens' Rights Office urgently needs a full-time Rights Worker.

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new left review 126

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For more information about the readings contact either Paul Binding on 01-370 2960 or Simon North on 01-228 4415

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